THE LIVING AGE

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for July, 1932

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THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 253 Broadway, New York City. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Canada, $6.50. Foreign, $7.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1932, by The Living Age Company, New York, New York.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

FIRST as Moscow and then as Washington correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Paul Scheffer has distinguished himself as a great newspaper man and as an authority on the two opposite poles of the modern world. Now he has moved to London, and the picture he draws of present-day England has behind it a series of experiences and observations that make it truly remarkable. Herr Scheffer seems to find the United States a much more dreary place than England just now.

'SCRUTATOR' contributes a weekly article on politics to the *Sunday Times* of London. As a moderate Conservative, he sympathizes with the present National Government, and his opinions of the forthcoming Ottawa Imperial Conference reflect pretty accurately what the British delegation will have in mind. In the event of a failure at Lausanne, British statesmanship is pinning all its hopes on developing the Empire into a self-sufficient economic unit that will erect tariffs against the outer world but will exchange goods freely behind its own walls. A new managed currency anchored to a revaluated pound is contemplated, and several Scandinavian states as well as the Argentine are expected to join. The great difficulty will be for the British Isles, with their antiquated industrial plant and lack of petroleum and electrical power, to impose their desires on other parts of the world. They will succeed only if Englishmen can retain their old assurance while lacking the material basis on which that assurance used to rest.

WE HAVE had so many articles on Franco-German relations that we almost feel like apologizing for presenting one more, but the month of the Lausanne Conference could hardly be allowed to go by without any reference on our part to the real issue that is at stake there. Ludwig Bauer, a regular contributor to the liberal-radical *Tage-Buch* of Berlin, comments on the irony of the French elections, which have given France the most liberal government she has had since the War at the very moment when Germany is installing her most reactionary cabinet since the time of the Hohenzollerns. Although France has lagged behind the rest of Europe in recognizing the need for international coöperation, she has now had such an unpleasant experience with nationalism that she is not likely in the near future to turn back to Tardieu.

IN 1913 Sir George Paish wrote a book entitled *Railroads of the United States* and during the dizzy 'twenties he was always skeptical of 'prosperity,' thus acquiring the reputation of a perennial bear. But he has not been so depressed by the depression as a lot of other economists, and his article on 'Russia's Credit Problem' is the work of a well-stocked and first-rate mind. He deals realistically with an important aspect of Soviet economy that has been all too widely ignored.

MORE is known about Russian atheism than about Russian credits. Germany, in particular, has been disturbed by the spread of anti-religious propaganda through various 'freethinking' societies organized by Social Democrats as well as by Communists. Lately one of these societies has been suppressed and the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*, a conservative daily published in the heart of Catholic Germany, takes the occasion to describe and attack Russia's campaign against Christianity.

IN SPITE of its matter-of-fact title, 'Germany's Farm Crisis' is the most readable as well as the best informed and most profound analysis of Germany's plight that has come our way in months. The present world crisis is due to mechanization of the farm even more than to industrial mechanization and Germany, whose factories have been rationalized to the hilt, still has an

(*Continued on page 469*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

July, 1932 *Volume 342, Number 4390*

The World Over

THREE international conferences, any one of which would stand out in an ordinary year, mark this summer as the culmination of the crisis. Lausanne and Geneva are dealing ostensibly with war debts and disarmament. The Imperial Conference at Ottawa will try to make an economic unit of the British Empire and several outside states. But each of these three assemblies represents something more than routine diplomacy. Although the negotiators are working for national interests, they are also protagonists of a world order that takes similar forms in different countries and that has as its ideal 'international solidarity.' These two words do not refer merely to a vague desire to keep the peace, to encourage mutual understanding, and to preserve the ornaments of culture and civilization; they also mean the maintenance of specific property rights, financial obligations, and social relationships. And the alternative to international solidarity is not national solidarity but revolution—the destruction of the property base common to Western Europe and the New World.

At present, international solidarity is threatened by the spread of a crisis that has arisen out of the existing world order. Extreme nationalism, often known as Fascism, has, it is true, been the immediate result, but it has only made matters worse. The high tariffs of America and England have ruined European trade. The nationalism of Tardieu was rejected by the voters because it was leading to a budget deficit, currency inflation, and war. Japanese Fascism has already brought war and may end in collapse. And while the arrival in power of the Herriot Cabinet in France has been regarded as a hopeful sign because it marked a nationalist defeat, the arrival in power of the Von Papen Cabinet in Germany is generally inter-

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preted as a prelude to open Fascism and worse. Everywhere, nationalism in various forms has led to greater, not less, discontent, even in England, whose prospects are described as follows by the *Saturday Review*, a Conservative weekly that supports the National Government:—

> If influential soothsayers of big business are right, the month of August will produce a second crisis and September a second budget. The ledger struck in April was just a statement of accounts and no more. It contained no remedy, it offered no hope. Enough is known of Lausanne to anticipate little there, while Geneva is more likely to give Mr. Henderson a job forever than to restrict armaments.

The London *Times*, an even more prudent judge, has discounted Lausanne and Geneva in advance, but it has hopes of Ottawa:—

> Neither the Geneva nor the Lausanne Conference will succeed unless the governments taking part in them display a capacity, of which they have hitherto given little indication, to take the long and the broad view of national interests, and unless the very urgency of the occasion calls forth that real leadership which has been lacking, to the great weakness of recent conferences. While hoping and working for success, it is only prudent to be prepared for failure, to be prepared, that is, to face the consequences of a bankruptcy of the statesmanship of modern democracies. The world will then almost certainly have to go through further and sharper tribulation—political, economic, and social—before it establishes new equilibriums and settles down to new and worse conditions. In that event it will be for the Ottawa Conference to concert measures which will secure for the quarter of the world under the British flag the means to maintain and even to increase its production and its trade in spite of the breakdown of the machinery of international commerce.

But the likelihood of England's returning to her former dominating position in world affairs is small because the foundations of her dominance —coal and industrial superiority—have been destroyed.

HOW long Édouard Herriot's Radical Socialist Cabinet remains in power depends on the toleration of Léon Blum's regular Socialists. Before assuming office Herriot declared that he would not enter into a coalition with the centre as he was forced to do in 1924. Then, as now, he enjoyed the benevolent neutrality of the Socialists, who persistently refuse to enter any bourgeois government, but within two years he had drifted so far to the right that when the franc began to drop Poincaré was summoned to save the day. There are some who say that history will repeat itself and that Herriot will again inevitably move toward reaction until his already demonstrated ineptitude forces him into collaboration with Tardieu. That he should collaborate with Blum is out of the question because the Socialist leader has laid down three demands, not one of which Herriot could accept —nationalization of railways and insurance companies, unemployment and agricultural insurance, and immediate and substantial disarmament. No middle-class government could even consider the first two proposals, and on the subject of disarmament Herriot has said that he is 'anxious to improve and modernize our military equipment.'

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THOUGH M. Herriot can never be depended upon because of his overweening desire for power, the man whom he has succeeded in office does not shine by comparison. On the fourteenth of May, the *Manchester Guardian's* Paris correspondent confirmed as follows the story that had been circulated in at least one Paris newspaper that 'M. Tardieu received representatives of the French press and urged them to insist that Gorgulov [President Doumer's assassin] was a Bolshevik, rebuking them for not having done so already.' Subsequent events show that the French press has the same integrity as Tardieu and that it was as eager as he to use the murder of President Doumer to promote an anti-Soviet, reactionary election stampede. *Le Matin* asserted that Doumer's assassin had arrived in Paris with a certificate signed by the Soviet attaché in Prague—where there happens to be no Soviet attaché or delegation. Havas, the great French news agency corresponding to our own Associated Press, stated that 'an order had been given by the Cheka to the Soviet press to maintain a strict silence about Gorgulov's crime.' Later, when it became known that the Moscow papers were full of accounts of the Doumer murder, the Havas Agency apologized for circulating a false story. The interests behind Tardieu in this manœuvre were the big industrialists, coal and steel barons, and munition makers, who have been dominating French policy for the past few years. Herriot, on the other hand, is backed by the textile manufacturers in the vicinity of Lyon, who favor a more liberal foreign policy.

BUT the economic conditions, not the financial backers of the two men, determined the outcome of the vote and accounted for the defeat of Tardieu. Production figures for March show that the output for the whole nation had dropped below the pre-war level for the first time in many years. It is estimated that over a million people are unemployed and that three million more are working part time. The budget, as we pointed out two months ago, was not really balanced and a large deficit is in prospect when next year's estimates are made in January. Huge armament expenditures and dubious loans to her satellite states of Central Europe have isolated France from the other Great Powers. To maintain these policies for even a few months longer would have led to currency inflation, and even now it will be difficult to liquidate the situation and provide additional funds for unemployment relief. The *Week-end Review* of London, a consistent critic of Tardieu's policies, rejoices in his fall and says that it marks one of the two steps necessary to world recovery, the other being a change —or rather an adoption—of policy on the part of the United States. Karl Radek, one of the leading Soviet pamphleteers, says that the fall of Tardieu means that French capitalism has abandoned outright imperialism and is trying to solve its crisis by more liberal and democratic methods. It is his opinion that the political destinies of the nation will be in the hands of the politicians of the left for some time to come.

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LIKE the United States, France provides no unemployment relief on a national scale and makes no official count of those who are out of work. Also like the United States, France had been saving money for so many years that the depression did not make itself felt at once—in fact it did not even arrive on French soil until a year after the Wall Street crash. Since that time, however, relief has been administered by communities until the end of last year, when the state had to come to their aid, just as our own Federal Government has had to do lately. It is now estimated on the basis of applications for jobs at official labor exchanges that 1,200,000 French citizens are out of work—twice the number admitted by the Ministry of Labor. The relief provided by the state amounts to slightly more than half the cash value of the British dole—a single unemployed man who is the head of a family receiving seven francs a day, his wife four francs, and each child three and a half francs. With a population almost equally divided between industry and agriculture, France has been more successful than England in assimilating unemployed city workers on her farms, which have been hardly affected at all. The absence of any overpopulation problem and the self-sufficient character of the individual farms have made the solution of unemployment a much less painful process in France than in any other great nation.

THE arrival in power of Chancellor von Papen confirmed with extraordinary accuracy and swiftness August Thalheimer's analysis of the real (that is, reactionary) trend in Germany in our last issue. To that analysis there is little that need be added now. The generals, the *Junkers*, and the great industrialists who have been financing the Hitler movement are now openly governing the country and carrying Brüning's foreign policy to its logical conclusion. Because the former Chancellor impressed the foreign diplomats with his personal integrity, he was widely mistaken abroad for an apostle of international conciliation. Actually, however, he was responsible for the launching of the customs union with Austria, which led directly to the German and British panics of last summer. Then in January his statement that Germany would not pay any more reparations caused the postponement of the Lausanne Conference until June. And finally, in May, he announced that Germany was 'within five minutes of her goal'—a remark unlikely to propitiate France on the eve of the most important international conference since Versailles.

The French press, for all its bitterness on the subject of Germany, does not delude itself as to what is happening across the Rhine, and *Le Temps*, the semiofficial organ of the foreign office, attributed the fall of Brüning to his contradictory policies and to Hitler's victory in Prussia:—

> A decision, one way or the other, became inevitable after the twenty-fourth of April, when Hitler scored his great victory in Prussia. For over two years Dr. Brüning had pursued a domestic policy supported by the conservatives and a

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foreign policy supported by the Social Democrats, at the same time rallying the groups of the extreme right for various ingenious compromises. Such tactics, however, could not be maintained any longer.

Nor was the Nationalist, 'Pertinax,' very wide of the mark when he commented on the new German Government as follows:—

Let us not have too many regrets for these events across the Rhine, for they merely lift the veil from the real leaders of Germany. The military commanders, landlords, and bureaucrats who now emerge into the light of day dominated the earlier cabinets and most of the time forced these cabinets to submit to their will. It is preferable that the camouflage finally cease. There is no longer any excuse for even the most timid and vacillating illusion. Now one can look Germany in the face and say that it breathes nothing but love of force and passion for revenge.

THREE aristocrats dominate the new German Cabinet—Von Papen, Von Neurath, and Von Schleicher. The new Chancellor is already known in the United States because of his departure from the German Embassy at Washington during the War, and the French press maliciously recalls his writing to his wife about 'these American idiots.' Baron von Neurath, the new foreign minister, has been German ambassador at Rome and London, having distinguished himself in the former city by refusing to receive Emil Ludwig or Gerhart Hauptmann because of their republican sympathies. But the most important character at the moment is General Kurt von Schleicher, successor to General Groener as Commander of the Army, in which he has been conspicuous for many years as a defender of the Republic. Now, however, the Social Democrats who used to applaud his republican zeal and the National Socialists who used to attack him for the same reason find themselves in a quandary, for he has made himself personally popular to both groups. It has become a current saying in Berlin that one thing only is certain at the present time—General von Schleicher is the coming man.

BERLIN'S physical and psychological condition, which can be described only as pre-revolutionary, has been accurately depicted by a recent British visitor, Lionel Robbins, who writes as follows in the London *Spectator:*—

One does not need to be in Berlin many hours to realize that something is wrong, very wrong. These wide, handsome streets were built to take more traffic than this. The shops, surely, should be doing more custom. A state of affairs in which some of the main quarters are not much more animated than a Bloomsbury square is not a natural one. I saw more traffic blocks in one afternoon in Exeter the other day than I saw during the whole of last week in Berlin. Many shops have their shutters up. In some streets it would be no exaggeration to say that 20 per cent are to let. Dining at night in one of the best hotels, a party of three of us had the main hall to ourselves. Five waiters hovered round three men. It is difficult to walk out without being asked for the price of bread by men who quite obviously have no practice in asking. Life goes on, but at a diminished *tempo*. There is an inner paralysis at work in the city.

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The native population, according to this observer, has become so used to these conditions that 'the depression is something that has acquired an almost autonomous status.' Mr. Robbins attributes most of Germany's present difficulties to an unsound currency policy:—

> Unquestionably, the most formidable threat to the persistence of profitable economic activity in Germany comes from the network of controls and restrictions that in the supposed interest of the mark are imposed on the short-loan market and the market for foreign exchange. I do not think it is possible to overemphasize the paralyzing effect of this system. It was imposed in the first instance in the belief that it was preferable to the severe credit contraction that would have been necessary to maintain the stability of the currency. But it is difficult to believe that any degree of credit contraction could have caused such a paralysis of trade and investment as has actually been caused by the restrictions. The system of exchange restrictions as practised at present in Germany, and in Central Europe generally, is a self-frustrating system, intended to save the trade balance; in fact it tends to its cumulative worsening.

Mr. Robbins concludes by prophesying 'a grave catastrophe in Germany before long.'

BETTER relations between France and Italy are likely to be one of the results of Herriot's victory at the polls. *Popolo di Roma*, a Fascist daily of wide circulation and influence, frankly applauds the defeat of Tardieu:—

> Our approval of Herriot in no way contradicts Fascist doctrine. Fascism and reactionary policies are separated by the same distance that lies between Fascism and anarchy. Orientation to the right means the domination of heavy industry. It means unlimited armaments, absurdly high protective tariffs, international high finance, suppression of the working masses, egotism that crushes every instinct of justice and equity, stabilization of the tremendous international and social injustices that now exist, plutocracy in the most hateful sense of the word. What can Fascism have in common with all these things? Had Tardieu remained in power it would have meant more armaments, refusal to recognize the principle of justice, strengthening and raising of tariff barriers, a sharpening of the crisis and increased unemployment, war and chaos, in other words, everything that we consider anti-Fascist and contrary to Mussolini's ideas. The victory of Herriot achieved in the face of government opposition, of right-wing propaganda, of tremendous outlays by the big banks, of a press campaign in the great French newspapers which opposed the Cartel of the Left—this victory means freedom for the French people from the yoke of heavy industry and high finance, it means respect for peace and justice.

Italy's weak economic position and not Mussolini's conversion to the liberalism of Herriot explains this enthusiasm. The Tardieu government had refused to make concessions either in Africa or in the Balkans, but now there is a strong rumor that Herriot is prepared to give Italy a mandate over Cameroon in exchange for a treaty of friendship. Such a treaty should bring about two results—Italy's surplus population would find an outlet in central Africa, thus relieving the present tension in Tunisia, and Franco-Italian rivalry in southeastern Europe would be very much eased.

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WITH Greece, Bulgaria, Austria, and Hungary suspending payments on their foreign debts, the prestige of the League of Nations has suffered, since all these countries have issued bonds under League auspices. In the past year Hungarian bonds fell from 90 to 31, Greek from 100 to 30, Bulgarian from 66 to 20, and Austrian from 104 to 80, the greater strength of the Austrian bonds being due to the fact that they are backed by four of the larger powers. Only Greece has actually defaulted on her bond interest. Hungary has continued payments, while declaring a moratorium on all other foreign obligations, and Bulgaria is trying to arrange some new form of settlement. The London *Times* assures its readers that the fall in commodity prices is responsible for the decline in the value of these bonds, which were amply secured at the time they were floated. Also, it was imperative for bonds to be issued in the first place, since the alternative would have been complete disintegration long ago. The wonder therefore is that the Balkan and Central European states have not fared any worse, for each of them has been trying since the War to live as an economic unit. Hungary has doubled its weaving and spinning facilities and has subsidized its automobile industry, only to ruin the superior textile and automobile industries of Austria. But Hungary used to grow and grind enough grain to feed most of the old Habsburg Empire, whose various parts, now that they enjoy autonomy, want to be self-supporting. Austria and Czechoslovakia, both industrial states, have tried to develop agriculture; the agricultural states have tried to develop industries, and they all have failed. And the League is discredited for giving its backing to a basically mad economic system.

IMMANUEL BIRNBAUM, Warsaw correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, has written a long dispatch describing what goes on behind the nationalistic façade that Poland presents to the outer world. As a liberal daily controlled by Jewish capital, the *Berliner Tageblatt* does not share the violent anti-Polish bias of most Germans; Herr Birnbaum's analysis is therefore reasonably accurate. As a result of a century and a half of foreign rule, Polish life is full of contradictions. Nationalism, which destroyed feudalism in most European countries, has strengthened the noble landowners of Poland, who led the fight for independence and now occupy important positions in the state. Side by side with them stand the army officers, forming a younger aristocracy of their own. The middle-class population of the cities is chiefly of German and Jewish origin, but it has adopted the Polish language and customs except in the eastern portions of the country. Poles attach equal importance to religious and national affiliations and if you ask the man on the street his nationality he will reply, 'Polish-Catholic,' unless he is one of the Jews, Lutherans, or Greek Orthodox Ukrainians who form one-third of the country's population. The Church of Rome is a great power in the land, and one of the most widely

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read Polish critics, Boy Zelenski, an influential advocate of Franco-Polish understanding, has recently described the position of the Church as follows:—

> The contrast between the wealth of the priest and the poverty of the man who pays him taxes is terrific. And how about the inner spiritual life in this atmosphere of falsity, oppression, obscurantism, espionage, and denunciation? Those who have not yet been completely muzzled are choking with rage and hatred. I am afraid that neither the Russians nor the Prussians have developed such an inwardly destructive, reactionary force as this kind of domination that eats more deeply into the souls, the private lives, and the pockets than any other form of tyranny. If a spark were to fall on this powder magazine the whole land might burst into flame.

The development of a federated Poland in which the ten million members of other national groups would be allowed to organize self-governing communities would diminish the power of the Roman Church, but the Social Democrats, the logical opponents of Catholicism, have declared that the dictatorship is the supreme evil and they prefer to work against it with Catholic peasants and Catholic trade unions.

HERE are some recent and significant figures from the only country in the world that attaches more importance to statistics than the United States. Russia's population is now increasing at the rate of 60 millions (the equivalent of the whole population of Germany) every twenty years. Its city population has grown 30 per cent since the War and now includes 32 million of the country's 162 million inhabitants. School attendance rose from 8 million in 1913 to 12 million in 1928 and to 20 million this year. Literacy increased from 55 per cent in 1926 to 67 per cent in 1930. In that year 842 million copies of 47,000 different books and periodicals in fifteen languages were circulated. There are three times as many physicians now as there were in 1913, but only 4 per cent of them belong to the Communist Party. Output per worker is much less than it is in more highly developed countries, but the total output of the country is increasing. In 1913 29 million tons of coal were produced; last year the figure was 57 million. Petroleum production has risen during the same period from 9 to 23 million tons and electrical power from 2 to 12 million kilowatt hours, but pig-iron production has only increased from 4.2 to 4.9 million tons. The railways carry more than 50 per cent more freight than they did before the War and passenger traffic has increased from 185 million in 1913 to 709 million in 1931. In 1913 the post offices handled 563 million letters; in 1931, 1,414 million. Many figures of equal importance are lacking, but these are enough to show that amazing progress has certainly been made.

JAPAN'S plans for Manchuria have been revealed in a reputable economic journal, *The Diamond*, by Major Tadashi Hanaya, lately a member of the political section of the General Staff in Manchuria. The essence

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of Japanese tactics will be the construction of a 'steel frame' of Japanese officials inserted at strategic points in the new Manchurian Government. The organization is to be completely departmentalized and the Japanese members, although monopolizing the responsible posts, will not come into direct contact with the people. Major Hanaya believes in a kind of National Socialism—that is, he wants the Japanese people rather than the bankers to profit from the exploitation of Manchuria and he has worked out a complete colonization scheme that would not begin to go into effect for four years. The estates of the Manchurian landlords are to be confiscated and all land within twelve miles of the railway is to be given to Japanese settlers. Chinese immigrants would no longer be allowed to enter the country freely, but the Koreans, as subjects of Japan, would be granted admission. A colonization company would be formed to select in Japan communities of prospective emigrants containing from 300 to 500 persons each. Major Hanaya is not an official government spokesman but he enjoys the confidence of the present leaders of the country, especially of a strong younger element that wants to make the army into an instrument of the popular will. 'We must not forget,' he says, 'that the Japanese soldiers who shed their blood in Manchuria were the sons of poor families. The country must be developed in such a way that they will profit by it. Capitalists and politicians must not be allowed to seize rights that belong to the people of Japan.' The Major admits that if his scheme falls through outright annexation will be necessary.

IF THE Japanese Government succeeds in setting some such plan in motion, another world war is a virtual certainty. It took 300,000 British troops three years to conquer South Africa. America needed an army of 50,000 men and two years to pacify the Philippines. Immediately after the War, England failed to subdue Ireland with 50,000 troops and the Black-and-Tans. Manchuria, with a population of 30,000,000 and an area the size of France and Germany combined, will obviously need more than the 100,000 troops and three years that the Japanese commander in North Manchuria says will be required. And Japan may have to figure, as England did not in South Africa, on outside interference. In the light of these simple facts and precedents, Russia's fear of large-scale hostilities in the near future seems to have substantial foundation. Already, in fact, White Russians have been making trouble along the Chinese Eastern Railway, attempting to blow up bridges and raiding company offices. The Japanese either cannot or will not restrain these outbursts, and the situation is now such that, with troops massed along the frontier, a minor incident might lead to major complications.

England also is alarmed. Lieutenant Commander J. M. Kenworthy, a former member of the War Staff of the British Admiralty who has spent three years in Asiatic waters, believes that Russia in the event of war would rouse the Chinese masses:—

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> It would be a miracle if the war could be confined to the two original belligerents. The danger would be increased if Japan sent her large ocean-going submarines to operate in the Eastern Mediterranean against Russian merchant vessels sailing to and from the Black Sea. Apart from the naval side of a probable campaign the repercussions in Asia would be far-reaching. The Soviet Government would be bound to resist the Japanese aggression by force of arms; but its great weapon would be that of propaganda. It would endeavor to arouse all Asia on its side in a holy war against imperialism.
>
> We should be fortunate if, within three months of the first exchange of shots between Russian and Japanese regular troops, northern India was not ablaze. And if the hard-pressed and impoverished Japanese masses did not rise in revolution it would be another miracle. Nor could Russia be blamed for using any weapons at her disposal. At present there appears to be no limit to the ambitions of the Japanese militarists.

The London *Economist* says that the alternative to war would be for Japan to build a railway line parallel to the Chinese Eastern but ending at a port south of Vladivostok, which is icebound for several winter months.

BUT the deciding factor in Japan's Manchurian policy is her domestic situation. The murder of Premier Inukai revealed the strength of the Fascist movement—and Fascism is the invariable symbol of intense depression. It is therefore logical to assume that conditions in Japan are desperate. The army has tried to transform the attack on Manchuria from a mere imperialist thrust for new markets into an ambitious scheme for mass colonization, the implication being that the masses have become dissatisfied with the aims and results of the war. *Le Temps*, as the semi-official organ of a nation friendly to Japan, is better posted than most newspapers on Japanese designs and it asserts that the army now dominates the domestic scene as completely as it dominates Manchuria. The fact that many civilians with Fascist tendencies are supporting the army indicates that prospective collapse at home is making a war abroad necessary.

ONLY last month we commented on the deepening crisis in Chile and suggested that economic factors were making a collapse inevitable. That collapse has now come, and in a form that endangers all foreign investments in Latin America. It was no accident that the press of the United States devoted far more attention to the Chilean revolution than it does to the usual Latin American overturn, and it was equally significant that the revolt was headed by the ablest statesman in the country, Carlos Dávila, former ambassador to Washington, whose essay in praise of Yankee civilization we translated in May 1931. For this revolution is social and economic as well as political, and a man as eminent as Dávila was bound to figure, at least momentarily, in so great a change. What has happened is that the world depression has reduced Chile to a condition in which the whole existing system of property relationships is brought into question. Capitalism in Chile, like capitalism in Tsarist Russia, is identified with the

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foreigner, and there is no great class of native property owners such as exists in Germany with a substantial personal stake in the country's wealth. Under these circumstances, enormous masses of people have nothing to lose from a revolution, and very few have anything to gain from supporting a financial system and a distribution of wealth that have co-existed with, if not actually caused, the worst crisis in the country's history.

Mail is so slow in arriving from Latin America that it is impossible at the moment to present first-hand evidence showing that a general revolt against the foreign investor is spreading. But everything that has happened indicates that the Chilean revolution is the beginning of a movement that has not yet played itself out in that country and that will spread to other lands. As exporters of raw materials and of nothing else, the South American states have been affected more disastrously than any other nations by the fall in the price level. True, the Latin American peasant does not suffer as the unemployed worker in an industrial centre does, and for the present most Latin Americans can extract a living from the soil—as Englishmen and Germans cannot. But Latin America is obligated to foreign countries and foreigners have a stake in Latin American wealth, in the form of railways, mines, and bonds. The Chilean revolution has endangered this wealth as it has never been endangered before.

THE failure of the Labor Party to revive from its defeat of last autumn remains a popular topic of discussion in England. We have quoted various critics, some of whom suggest that the party should become more broadly national, others that it should be strictly proletarian. G. D. H. Cole, a Laborite economist of proven loyalty to the movement, accuses Mr. MacDonald of having pursued a policy unfavorable to the working class:—

> What was made clear last October was that the leaders of the Labor Party were without an alternative policy capable of immediate application in dealing with the crisis. They simply did not know what to do; and they could not have done it in the midst of the crisis even if they had known. For the entire policy of Mr. MacDonald's government before the crisis had led up to just what Mr. MacDonald did do and what the majority of his colleagues refused to indorse. And those who parted from him over the crisis were, as a cabinet, so deeply committed to the policy of which his handling of the crisis was only the logical outcome that it was a sheer impossibility for them, at that stage, to place any coherent alternative before the electorate.

Mr. Cole says that the revival of the Labor Party depends on its ability to support the instinctive revolt among the rank and file against the last Labor government. He admits that this policy may not succeed but he feels that it is Labor's only hope.

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Paul Scheffer, recently removed from Washington to London as correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, describes England on the home front. Then comes a Tory praising the Ottawa Conference.

England's Way OUT

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC VIEWS

I. ENGLAND IN DEPRESSION

By PAUL SCHEFFER

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

ON TWO successive Sundays during the football season tens of thousands of people came down to London from the north of England for a day to watch their home football team meet a famous London team. Football in England is the sport of the masses, and therefore it was chiefly workingmen who made this expensive trip from Edinburgh or Nottingham. In the evening they were to be seen everywhere in the heart of the city—on Piccadilly, on Oxford Street, and on the Strand. Where was the depression? These crowds of miners and metal workers were just as care free and well dressed, carried their liquor just as well, and had just as much Shakespearean humor as the crowds of twenty years ago. 'Good old England.' There was no sign of the gloom so clearly to be seen on the faces of passers-by everywhere else in the world, of that slackened rhythm of life that is as unmistakably present in New York as in Paris or Berlin. Of course these sport-minded visitors did not come to London to hang their heads, but to make the trip at all they had to have money enough to buy their excursion tickets, to appear in new, decent-looking clothing, and to make all kinds of purchases.

Nor did their appearance present a contrast to that of London in general. Everyday London shows no signs of uncertainty as to the future, of anxious expectation, of crisis mentality, in a word. Shop windows are still filled to overflowing in memory of the fact that England was once the emporium of the world, and still remains so to a considerable degree. There is no buyers' strike such as has been troubling the United States. This does not mean that money is not being saved, or that it is not being spent with considerable

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caution. But it is not being spent so cautiously as to cause a fundamental lowering of the standard of living.

The fact that motion-picture theatres are full proves nothing, for they drive away care; they serve as 'opium for the people.' But in many of the world's largest cities the theatre has become too expensive a form of amusement. Not so in London, where prices are very high. Hotels are crowded with 'provincials' seeing London. All the Lyons chain restaurants are crowded. Traffic on the countless bus lines and on the Underground, the biggest and most splendid public utility that London possesses, is completely normal. The stream of life is not drying up in England as it is on the Continent and in America. Yet at the same time, despite the depreciation of the pound, retail prices have not risen, but have even fallen slightly. This condition gives rise to the melancholy thought that England is now profiting from a situation that will threaten the basis of its wealth in the near future.

But the outlook changes when one turns away from the common people and considers that portion of the population which used to spend money so lavishly. Established wealth has been subject to severe persecution since the War. Even before the War huge income and inheritance taxes had depopulated the fashionable quarter of town. There is still much luxury in London that is enjoyed by a mixture of the *nouveaux riches* and the traditionally well-to-do. Many cheap stores sprang up some time ago in the newer shopping district around Bond Street, and their number has increased greatly in the last two years—a sign of equalization. Yet almost all the good stores are still charging in guineas, that feudal mark of a clientele that cares more for quality than price and is willing to pay an extra shilling on every pound in order to be superior to every doubt. The famous old stores for hats, clothing, firearms, and pipes all, without exception, claim to outfit the 'gentleman.' But the word has lost its force and is now used somewhat dubiously.

It is well known that the most exclusive clubs are seeking new members, and that in itself implies much. Moreover, the day after the budget was introduced several fashionable old West End restaurants experienced a decided drop in the number of their patrons; in other words, some people had been maintaining their old standard of living only because they expected that their financial burdens would soon be diminished. Then, too, the paintings in the Royal Academy exhibit were smaller than usual. English painters can no longer count on receiving commissions to fill large wall spaces in the homes of their patrons. The houses are smaller and there are fewer servants in the big ones. The crisis of the rich is at the same time the crisis of the servant class.

All this is the result of the depression, but, as we have said, it takes the form of the leveling down of big fortunes toward a common average. This process is now occurring more rapidly, but, just as there has been no abrupt drop, so far as we can see, in the standard of living of the nation as a whole comparable to that in other lands, neither has there been a sudden or alarming decline in entrenched wealth. The process is a gradual one.

IN considering the life of a nation as dependent on custom as the English we must reckon with the law of inertia. There is no way of telling to what extent that large proportion of the national wealth which is founded on many small fortunes helps to keep English life flowing in its traditional channels, and to what extent the shifting of

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wealth downward to the lower classes, which has occurred in so many forms in the last ten years, is conserving the outer aspect of English life.

The most striking thing about the situation is the contrast between the stability of wealth and the realities that are attacking England's position as a world economic power. To-day the English consumer is doing in large measure just what the American President has been vainly urging upon his people in countless appeals: buying boldly and thereby checking underconsumption. The English balance of trade is in bad shape, as the head of a big textile concern pointed out, half accusingly, in his annual report, when he said that his line of business should be supplying a market of six hundred million people, not merely forty-two million. The weight of this fact broke the pound and rendered England's world financial position precarious, yet the English people preserved their peace of mind undisturbed, as they have done during a hundred and fifty years of unbroken progress. Probably those years of progress were unbroken just because of that peace of mind, and not simply as the result of that fit of absence of mind in which, according to Lord Balfour, the British Empire came into being. Everyone who comes to England praises this steadfastness, this ability to withstand care and doubt, that England has maintained throughout the crisis. Who would not be impressed by such an attitude?

Statistics, which are always an anarchistic, immoral force, prove this, but statistics also belie the traditional conception of England's greatness, which is always self-hypnotic. The MacMillan Report, which was amazingly farsighted in many respects, and the speeches of many influential Englishmen before the fall of the pound show that the disaster took almost everyone in England by surprise. The new budget also amazed the nation, and many business men were dumfounded. What, no drop in income taxes? Perhaps while many nations are too wrapped up in the problems of the hour to foresee and control the future, and while they are consulting the barometer of depression too frequently, England is going to the opposite extreme. This question is important to all Europe, for England alone can initiate action on a large scale against the general decline. What England does will affect not only the English people, but all of Europe. Once when war was threatening, Bismarck, then in his eighties, reminded the Reichstag that the soldiers of all highly civilized countries are equally heroic—a thoroughly pan-European observation. To-day, after the experiences of the last few years, his words are truer than they ever were. The troubles that have descended upon the world are being met everywhere, even where reserves have already been exhausted, by a stoicism that offers the best basis for common action—action before it is too late.

II. Ottawa and Empire

By 'Scrutator'

From the *Sunday Times*, London Conservative Sunday Paper

AMONG the evils that the Pope reproves in his Encyclical is the 'exaggerated nationalism' of our times. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that a war which began with a criminal trespass on Belgian neutrality and ended

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with the promulgation of 'self-determination' as an indefeasible national right should leave behind it a deposit of its excess.

But the Pope is right in his censure. Nationalism, during the War a precious and fragrant thing that no sacrifice was too great to defend, sometimes smells now to Whitehall as well as to the Vatican. When one looks back on the War one is tempted to think of nationalism what Lucretius says of religion. After telling in pathetic lines the tragedy of Iphigeneia's sacrifice, the Latin poet clinches the matter with the terrible line: 'To so much wickedness could religion persuade mankind.'

To such wickedness, we may say, looking back, did nationalism persuade men's hearts in the War and to such follies their minds in the peace.

But nationalism, terrible in its vices, is also the greatest aid of human achievement. No more than individuality in the single being is it to be unreservedly condemned, for it is the stimulus of virtue as well as of vice. Indeed, it is possible to read the history of international politics as a conflict between the principles of unity and conformity on the one hand and of national self-realization on the other. In this conflict, Rome—both Empire and Church—has usually taken one part, Greece and our own country the other.

It is an interesting fact that has escaped general comment that the end of the War left Europe for the first time for nearly two thousand years without the name of Cæsar. It began with two Kaisers and two Tsars—these titles are but dialectical forms of Cæsar—and all four have gone. Cæsarism stands for conceptions of policy that have never been naturalized in this country and that we have grown to hate, but in Europe the idea of unity through the will of one man is in the blood.

In this sense both Stalin and Mussolini are Cæsars without the name. And it would be wrong to regard Cæsarism as merely the rule of force. Not merely through its legions did the Roman Empire endure so long. Cæsarism stands for a career open to talents, for the Emperor's purple was not hereditary for long together except to ability, and the humblest soldier, if he was able enough, might hope, whatever his race or origin, some day to be emperor.

Further, the name did stand for a unity of policy, transcending racial divisions, which had immense virtue. The best of the Emperors were not Roman or even Italian; there were only two racial divisions, East and West, and thanks to the Roman peace there were long tracts of time when a large part of the world enjoyed a happiness and prosperity under the Cæsars greater than it has enjoyed since, just because those were times when the pride of nationality was, if it existed at all, in strict abeyance to the general well-being.

Some of the results of the last war were not unlike those that followed the fall of the Roman Empire. The unity that the War broke up was not so compact or large, nor were the fragments into which it broke so small; on the other hand, distances are now so reduced and the effects of the nationalist revival encouraged by the War were so widespread that the amount of disruption in either case was not very different.

Every nation surrounds itself by tariff walls that grow ever higher, and with the creation of new nationalities more numerous. If there were danger of invasion, if, for example, the bullying by Japan were to force China to become a great military power and enfeebled Russia were unable to oppose her advance, or if Russia and China were to join hands against their enemy

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in the Far East or against Western Europe, then Europe after the war would be redeemed from the state of the Dark Ages only by education and its superior command of the forces of nature.

To such danger has the cult of nationalism and the follies of the war settlement brought Europe. And the parallelism does not end even here. Throughout the Middle Ages the Church of Rome supplied a bond of unity between nations, and disciplined the excesses of ambitious kings. The Church no longer exercises that power. The nearest equivalent to the old authority that could scourge kings is the League of Nations, but, unlike the Church, it commands neither the fears of hell nor the hopes of heaven, and it is itself under suspicion of continuing the old national quarrels under the sanctimonious cloak of international law.

Cæsarism having been rejected, where are to be found those new bonds of unity between nations necessary if the world is not to decline into a collection of parishes called nations, poverty stricken because commercially isolated and always liable in their weakness to be the victim of external attack?

THIS is the problem of our time—to combine the liberty of national self-expression with the unity that is necessary to progress. Unless it is solved, it is not merely possible, but probable, that the progress of the world will suffer a relapse comparable to that which precipitated the civilization of the Roman world into the Dark Ages.

There seems very little hope of Europe's solving it without a lead from outside. Cæsarism,—the idea of unity based on force,—heavily defeated though it was in the War, is branded on the historical consciousness of European peoples. Except in France and, perhaps, in Scandinavia, nowhere is faith in parliamentary institutions more than a formal profession. Never were the imperfections of the parliamentary system more evident than they are now, but at any rate that system does express, however imperfectly, the ideal of government by persuasion and consent, and so is the logical antithesis to what the Roman Empire gave to Europe.

Our own case is very different. If any country can reconcile the liberty of nationalism with unity of policy where state interests are common, it is our own. Historically we have been the champion of national rights. We attained our own national unity earlier than other countries; our revolt from the Roman Church was earlier and more complete, and was an expression not of differences in doctrine so much as of insular national independence; we developed earlier our parliamentary institutions, that is, the system of government by persuasion. Our foreign policy has consistently acted on the principle of maintaining the balance of power, which is the logical antithesis of Cæsarism.

Yet, though our whole theory of foreign policy has been essentially nationalist, and insular in its inspiration, our practice has made us probably the only genuine Europeans, and the only people who have extended to daughter states a status equal to our own. And not content with giving equal nationhood and complete fiscal independence to the Dominions, we are preparing India for the same status and for the same parliamentary institutions, though nearly all of us are in our heart convinced that she will never be able to work them satisfactorily.

We are such convinced champions of nationalism that we cannot refuse to others the self-expression that we value as the first political necessity for ourselves. And, with all this devotion to the national principle, we are no less

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convinced that in international exchange the world is really all one, and that no member can suffer without all the other members suffering with it.

Only this country holds that faith firmly. Why, for the better part of one hundred years, we deliberately acted in that conviction and held on to our free trade though every other nation was protectionist, and was constantly raising its tariff walls against us! Thus our country, by its unconditional gifts of freedom to the Dominions, and by its commercial policy, may justly boast that it has devised a political system that is in every respect the complete logical antithesis to Cæsarism. We are the representatives of Greek, not Roman, ideals in politics.

Can we succeed through it all in maintaining and strengthening the unity which is the attraction that Cæsarism has always had for Europe? We narrowly missed holding on to free trade so long as to imperil the continuance of our unity, and to threaten defeat of the ideal of combining unity with liberty for which we stood.

For so long as free trade was a fixed fiscal law we could do nothing to check the centrifugal tendency. We were the great makers of new states, but we were doing nothing to retain a real living connection with them. The adoption of protection has given us the power to forge new bonds of unity; but it nearly came too late.

They are wrong, therefore, who argue the issue between protection and free trade as one of mere fiscal dialectics. It is all part of a much bigger movement that may mould the history not of our own country only, but of the whole world.

There are only two ways in which nations can be combined to work together for the common good. One is Cæsar's way, by force, which recasts discordant nationalities into a new civilization, one in its law and in its commerce. The victory of Germany in the last war would have established in effect a new Roman Empire with its headquarters at Berlin instead of at Rome. The failure of Europe now to heal its discords and work together for a common prosperity would reproduce the anarchy which followed the fall of the Roman Empire and split up half Europe (which is even more essentially one than the United States of America) into states which, sooner or later, tired of the war of exclusion, must inevitably rush to arms to settle the question of whose will should prevail to make the unity.

The only existing alternative is our own, and it is to be tried at Ottawa. If Ottawa succeeds it will be an object lesson that the rest of the world will imitate. When the American Constitution was being drafted, its shape was formed very largely by the writings of Alexander Hamilton, whose *Federalist* papers were probably the most momentous journalism of all time. We are not now drafting a new constitution, but we are hoping to prove to the world that nations in every respect equal and self-governing may yet so far sink sectional rivalries as to form a commercial federation from which every single part will draw advantage. It will, if hopes are realized, be the finest example in the world's history of nations using protection to extend the area of free trade, and tariffs that now separate to promote a new unity.

And that will be our contribution to the treatment of nationalism run mad —an example that the world will follow. Federalism will appear in international politics as the rival principle, on the one hand, to Cæsarism, and, on the other hand, to the anarchy of multiple local and social jurisdictions.

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A German journalist finds little consolation in the victory of the left-wing parties in France because a reactionary victory in Germany at once followed. Lausanne therefore seems to be the last hope for Franco-German collaboration.

France Turns LEFT

By LUDWIG BAUER

Translated from the *Tage-Buch*
Berlin Radical Weekly

THIS is an attempt to sketch an accurate portrait without hate. It is designed to correct a great many errors that have been made in Germany. It is an explanation of what has happened and a prophecy of what may be possible with the aid of France. Messrs. Borah, Mussolini, and Brüning know how much can be accomplished without France or in opposition to her.

Within a few months France has undergone many changes. She appears to be isolated, perhaps encircled. Her chief debtor has announced that it can not and will not make any more payments. An attempt is being made to deny the treaties on which her existence depends. The country is losing its prosperity at relentlessly accelerated speed. President Doumer has been assassinated. There has been a change in the personnel as well as in the outlook of the country's government.

Though all this happened quietly, it certainly did not happen apathetically. Lebrun was chosen president during the passionate heat of a general election, but not because he had a compelling personality. There were fifty or a hundred men of equal ability in the Luxembourg and the Palais Bourbon. He was known to be flexible, he was the next in line for high office, and he was well qualified to represent the balance and steadfastness of France before the world. And democracy, which is so foul and contemptible according to the advocates of dictatorship, functioned smoothly, easily, and naturally in France. Other lands have had other experiences that need not be gone into here. Paris, however, displayed a sure instinct and revealed the true face of France. Even the nationalists would not permit an open struggle for the presidency.

What did the election returns signify? Let us first remember that bourgeois democracy is supposed to be on its deathbed. Nations are turning away from it in despair. Two Prussian delegates have refused to allow themselves

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to be called democrats. In England the grand old Liberal Party has been reduced to a pitiful group in the House of Commons. Yet in France democracy in its classic form has captured a quarter of all the seats in the Chamber of Deputies and is backed up by other groups that are essentially similar. All of France, with but few exceptions, has indorsed individualism, freedom, the bourgeois spirit, parliamentary government, the rights of man, in short, the heritage of the great French Revolution.

How did this happen? All foreigners regard France as an imperialistic nation, yet its nationalists have been defeated and thrown out of the government. France is also supposed to be militaristic. Who in Germany doubts it, except those few who are destined to fall victim to French designs? But this France has elected with a considerable majority parties that the generals distrust. It has given the middle-class citizen control of the state and would rather send its soldiers home to-day than to-morrow as long as it is certain that no evil neighbor threatens an attack. Thus the world seems to have formed a false conception of this people.

The change in France is not only due to the usual unpopularity of the existing government in a period of crisis; it is much more the result of a gradual, irresistible transformation. Every individual Frenchman has moved to the left in his ideas, in his attitude toward economics and to all world affairs, just as every German has moved much more rapidly to the right. Formerly the Frenchman wanted to remain himself and to enjoy his native land. The outer world seemed strange, suspicious, and incomprehensible. It could therefore get along by itself. But now he has recognized that he is not self-sufficient any more and he has learned this painful lesson at the very time when economic nationalism and imperialism are spreading everywhere. Late in the day the Frenchman has come to realize that the world can no longer be ignored, that France is not an island, that the crisis is laying her waste, that she is threatened with envy and hatred from abroad, and that she therefore must do her best to coöperate with other nations.

NOR has rigid capitalism maintained itself. It has publicly retired. The French are trying to adjust themselves to evolution, having already in the past awakened to the historic need of revolution. They are becoming painfully conscious that they, too, must learn new lessons, and the new Chamber of Deputies is ready for its task. Yet the Frenchman's suspicion of other nations remains. His sure instincts tell him that the world demands sacrifices of him and is threatening him with danger, but such things must be. People have tried to frighten him with the German peril. He has had to learn that Hindenburg, whom he unpleasantly remembers as the man of war, is now the man of peace, two conceptions that seem impossible to reconcile. Then, when our presidential elections had shown him what opinion was in Germany, his nationalists tried to win a victory by playing up the Hitler menace. Nevertheless, the average Frenchman refused to become panic-stricken. He saw the motives that were at work and decided for the first time to be more sensible, both for his own sake and for the sake of the Germans. He will now try anything that is possible, and therefore he preferred to give his vote to those candidates who advocated peace above all other things. He is not firmly convinced that this will work, but he believes that he can do no more than give it a try.

Any fair-minded person must admit that France has shown remarkable

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political maturity in its general election and in the way it overcame its presidential crisis. It fears war. It does not believe in armaments and force and for that reason refuses to be misled into voting for the right-wing parties. Every Frenchman feels in his pocketbook that this world has become a single unit. For that reason he must show a greater interest than ever before in whatever happens abroad, especially in Germany. He cannot seem to read enough books and articles on the subject. And in consequence he can well understand that the Germans will not pay any more reparations.

But he finds it harder to understand why they take such a threatening attitude instead of negotiating sensibly. They make demands, which is natural, but the unbearable thing is that they will not guarantee anything, not even a morsel of that security France so longs for. When they are asked to disarm they say they will be glad to do so at once, but only if France disarms and leaves them nothing to fear. Meanwhile they make further demands, tear up treaties, ask for an *Anschluss* with Austria, for Upper Silesia, Danzig, colonies, and special rights in Central Europe, still proclaiming that the French must disarm. And everyone in Germany, from Brüning to Hitler, makes all the same threats. This the Frenchman cannot understand.

The Frenchman has also discovered that he was not being so well governed as Tardieu had repeatedly insisted that he was. The work has praised the master much less than the master has praised the work. Against such attempts to falsify reality, to make him out as stupid, the Frenchman has reacted, and it must not be forgotten that the chief demand of the voters was 'Not Tardieu.' They also said, 'No more isolation, no more mailed fist, let us turn to Europe, for France has no choice to-day.'

This gesture of a great people, the most determined, the most mature, the most firmly united in the modern world, is indeed tragic because they are holding out their hand to nothingness. Will not or cannot anyone understand? Unless some miracle happens it seems likely that the heritage of Briand will soon become a hotly contested prize. It will lead directly to a left-wing coalition. First comes the Lausanne Conference, then Geneva again. France will repeat that it will give everything for security and nothing without security. After that the Socialists will be dropped from the government. A government of national union will again be formed in Paris as the inevitable answer to the national government in Germany.

A great and perhaps a final chance for salvation will be lost, for a national-union government breathes the spirit of war and blocks the way to peace, which can come only as the result of international union. National governments blame the foreigner for everything. They make violent propaganda, ignore the necessities of other countries, suppress and intimidate reasonable people in their own country. The moment France voted its national government out of office and held out its hand in reconciliation to the intelligent German element, Germany replied with a national government supported, as in the War, by the inevitable generals. What a tragic difference in *tempo* and inclination. Every time one nation goes forward a step the other falls three steps to the rear.

THE Frenchman knows perfectly well that the German wants to get something out of him. He has a vague idea of what the German wants and no idea at all of how the German plans to acquire it. Few nations are less inclined than France to let anything be wrested away from them, but few are more easily

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won over by friendliness. Yet at this juncture Brüning announced that Germany was within five minutes of reaching a goal that could not be attained without a concession on the part of France. He also announced that Germany would not be the first country in Europe to collapse. The Frenchman knows that France will be the last country to go, but even so he feels that it would be wiser to prevent collapse rather than to console himself with the thought that other countries will fall first. This sentiment France has proclaimed emphatically at the polls.

But the Frenchman also believes that Germany's threats mean that a moratorium will be declared on reparation transfers in such a way that France will sink in the estimation of America, England, and neutral powers. 'Is Berlin so convinced that we must capitulate?' the Frenchman asks himself. 'And why capitulate, if our capitulation simply leads to another capitulation, if we are never to enjoy peace, if we can never resume our old, pleasant way of life? Won't reasonableness, negotiation, and realism be the next things to go? Is France going to be despised by all the world?' Poor Herriot sighs and wishes that he were not forced to assume the responsibility of premiership, for he does not want to suffer the same fate that befell Tardieu and Poincaré. Yet he suspects that he will be relentlessly forced to such a fate by Berlin when he sees how contemptuously the nationalists there regard him. That is their ultimate purpose, which they expect to accomplish in five minutes' time.

We are once again attempting to carry out a policy to the bitter end. Everything is ready. The national government, the masked faces, the threatening, commanding generals, the support of weaklings, the hope of ultimate victory. The French have been through the same process. They have grown very skeptical, and bad psychologists seem to be confusing their skepticism with weakness. But the vanquished believe in ultimate victory because they have not been completely disillusioned. The Frenchman realizes that the world is exploding. He wants to keep it together because France is part of it. Hate, hostility, war—will these things never end? Germany and Europe face Lausanne. A great suicide is overdue.

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Sir George Paish, a British economist who ranks with Keynes and Salter, discusses Russia's credit problem. A German Catholic then attacks and describes the activities of Russia's 'Fighting Atheists,' especially in Germany.

Making Atheism PAY

Worldly and Spiritual Views

I. Russia's Credit Problem

By Sir George Paish

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

THE financial difficulties in which the world now finds itself should make for a better and a more sympathetic understanding of the Russian financial problem. In no small measure the severe depression into which the world is plunged is due to the credit situation. After enjoying unlimited credit until 1929, the people of all countries in the last two and a half years have found it very difficult to obtain, and instead of credit expansion there has been severe credit contraction with almost catastrophic consequences.

But Russia has been compelled to do without either investment or banking credit ever since the summer of 1917, notwithstanding her urgent need of credit to repair the disorganization of and damage to her industries caused by the War. For lack of credit, and consequently of trade, the lives of all the townspeople of Russia were in jeopardy inasmuch as they had almost no means of paying for the food they needed or for the raw materials they required for their industries. To remedy this situation in the absence of credit the whole of the Russian people had to submit to great sacrifices, in order, in the first place, to support the town populations; in the second, to re-create and expand, with the greatest possible speed, the industries that would enable the townspeople to produce manufactured goods in sufficient quantity to pay for the food and raw materials they needed for their sustenance; and, in the third place, to bring about the necessary expansion in the production of food and raw materials of all kinds required to support so great a population as Russia possesses, and to pay for foreign machinery and other foreign products

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that positively had to be purchased abroad.

Whatever may be thought of the kind of régime that Russia possesses, no one can deny that the Soviet Government since 1917 has had to overcome difficulties greater than have confronted any government of modern times in periods of peace, and that it has faced its difficulties with courage, determination, and ability. In the 'eighties of last century Russia's finances were thrown into disorder by the closing of the German money market to her long-term loan requirements, but short-term credits continued to be supplied to her by the British money market, and the Russian Government of those days was never confronted with such overwhelming difficulties as those that have confronted the rulers of Russia since the summer of 1917.

For fifteen years no money market in the world has been willing to supply Russia with those long-term loans and short-term credits that France, Great Britain, and in some measure Germany supplied to her in pre-war days. But Russia's credit problem has now become part of the world's credit problem. Not only is Russia unable to obtain investment and banking credit, but very few nations can obtain it either. In consequence of this, the world is faced with the same danger of breakdown as occurred in Russia in 1917 when her credit facilities came to an end.

It is true that Russia's inability to obtain credit arose from political causes, and that the inability of other nations to obtain credit arises in the main from economic causes. But the consequences are likely to be the same unless the right remedies are applied. At present these remedies are not being applied, and it is of very great moment that the whole situation should be surveyed with the utmost care in order that the true remedies shall be discovered and applied.

CERTAINLY one of the problems that needs to be adjusted is the Russian problem. And, moreover, it is one that might be adjusted without further delay. The grant of credit to Russia after all these years of abstention is not only desirable from Russia's standpoint; it is equally desirable from the world's standpoint. Indeed, if the matter were divorced from political considerations and treated entirely from the economic standpoint, these advantages would be at once obvious even to the skeptical. The economic position of Russia compares very favorably with the economic position of most of the other countries of the world. The potential resources of Russia are almost unlimited, and as they are developed will enable the Russian Government to meet any obligations it is likely to incur. On the other hand, many countries that have obtained vast sums of both investment and short-term credit have, for the present at any rate, borrowed all they are entitled to borrow, in respect either to their present or potential income.

Were Russia to honor her pre-war obligations up to the limit of her present capacity, her position would still be a very strong one. No one can examine the economic security of those obligations in the years before the War without realizing the exceedingly strong financial position of the then Russian Government. Its revenue from income-earning assets alone, such as railways, mines, and so on, was more than enough to meet the whole of the interest upon its pre-war obligations, so that the debt imposed no taxation upon the Russian people. If these pre-war obligations were now written down to figures that would still meet the reasonable demands of her creditors,

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and if, at the same time, she were supplied with new credit for the improvement and extension of her transport system and for the completion of her Five-Year Plan, her financial position would still compare very favorably with that of other countries.

Nor does her Five-Year Plan render her position less strong. On the contrary, the work done under the Plan is strengthening her financial position, inasmuch as she is finding out of income the greater portion of the capital she is spending, and the sums she still owes to foreign manufacturers for machinery are quite small in comparison with the capital value of the new works and machinery she has built and is still building under the Plan. The Five-Year Plan is thus adding to the economic security which Russia can now offer to the investor in comparison with the security she could offer before the War.

No consideration of the problem can leave out of account the importance of Russia to Europe and the world in general at the present time. The nations are suffering from lack of selling power at a moment when they have unprecedented obligations to meet and are in danger of bankruptcy unless the markets for their products can be restored and expanded. Therefore, if a nation can be found that merits credit with which it can purchase goods from other countries more freely, and at the same time can consume a larger quantity of its own products, thus relieving world markets of some of the redundant surplus, it is essential that such a nation should be discovered. Any such increase of demand for the world's products at the present time would materially help to overcome a highly dangerous situation. The Russian problem certainly demands consideration in view of the great contribution its solution would make to world recovery.

Fortunately, the political obstacles to the recovery of Russia and to the grant of foreign credit are being steadily reduced by the wisdom of the present Russian Government as well as of the other governments of Europe, whose relations with Russia are becoming more cordial. Thus the time would seem to be propitious for the settlement of the Russian problem in all its phases in so far as it affects other nations, and for agreements to be reached in regard both to pre-war debts and to new long-term and short-term credits.

II. Russia's Fighting Atheists

By Hans Richard Mertel

Translated from the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*, Munich Conservative Daily

SOVIET RUSSIA is the cradle of the fighting atheists' movement. Of course, atheism itself is as old as materialism, but an openly proclaimed war of destruction on religion and the Church, far more extensive than the persecutions of the early Christians, has become possible only under Bolshevist rule. The effects of complete atheism on every province of public life are annihilating. Men consciously cut themselves loose from the fundamental law of divine morality. Soviet justice, especially in relation to marriage and sexual matters, is unmoral in the Christian ethical sense and desires to be unmoral. Preobrashenski, the official moralist of Bolshevism, preaches class morality. He says that there is no such thing as a universally valid morality. One-sided bourgeois morality that serves only the bourgeois must be destroyed and re-

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placed by a morality of the proletariat. Anything that serves the interests of the working class is moral, and anything that damages those interests is immoral. Religion is represented as primarily a weapon in the hands of the bourgeoisie and is therefore damned from the standpoint of proletarian class morality.

Lenin, the Bolshevik savior, appropriated Karl Marx's slogan, 'Religion is the opium of the people.' In a letter to his party comrade, Lunacharski, written long before the War, Lenin said that it was the worst form of spitting on one's self to set up a god for one's self or to allow such a god to be constructed. Although the spiritual father of Bolshevism and the creator of the Soviet state was personally a deadly enemy of all religion, the persecution of the Church in Russia did not reach its peak under his rule. Of course, Lenin radically separated Church and State, and in April 1919 the state support of the churches was withdrawn. Lenin also confiscated all church property, allowing, however, religious groups to continue their activities undisturbed. Immediately after the Revolution, in 1918 and 1919, a terrible, bloody terror was unleashed on religious leaders and about twelve hundred priests were shot. After this first attempt to wipe Christianity off Russian soil with a sea of blood had failed, the religious persecutions were somewhat relaxed.

One of the best informed people on Russia, Theodor Seibert, the author of a remarkable book, *Red Russia*, wrote as follows in the *Süddeutsche Monatshefte* concerning the fight against God: 'When I arrived in Moscow in 1925 it seemed to me that anti-religious propaganda had been replaced by active militant measures, but as I look back on the methods that were practised at that time and compare them with the war on religion that has been launched since, the first ten years of Bolshevism seem like a period of religious tolerance. During those early years hundreds of chimes in Moscow rang every day. The illustrated publication of the League of Fighting Atheists was still a curiosity at which even cultivated Bolsheviks turned up their noses.'

Everything has changed to-day. Stalin's victory over the Trotski opposition led to greater persecution of religion. On April 8, 1929, the new church law came into effect forbidding all religious propaganda and all charitable activity. A new wave of bloody terror against priests and believers swept through the land. According to Dr. Algermissen, head of the Research and Information Department on Bolshevism and Free Thought of the central branch of the People's Association of Catholic Germany, no less than 32 bishops, 1,650 priests, and 7,000 monks and nuns were killed in Russia between 1917 and 1931.

The struggle to stamp out religion and the Church is carried on by the Soviet Government and by the League of Fighting Atheists. The league's chief task is to spread violent anti-religious propaganda. At Christmas and at all the great Christian feasts, Russia is covered with atheist placards showing such scenes as a gigantic worker kicking a figure representing God downstairs. Holy images and Christmas trees are burned in the streets by the Fighting Atheists. Believers have been driven away from their Christmas services by atheists. The Soviet Government, for its part, although proclaiming religious freedom in Russia, has done away with Sunday and all the church festivals. A long chapter could be written on the churches that have been closed, their number having been estimated at 423 in the year 1929.

Elger, the author of a book entitled *The Cultural Revolution in the Soviet Union* published in Berlin in 1930 by the Proletarian Freethinkers Press, makes the following statements. In

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January 1926, the Russian League of Fighting Atheists had 87,000 members; in January 1927, 138,000; in February 1929, 465,000; in January 1930, two million; in March 1930, three million; and in June 1930, three and a half million. To-day its membership must amount to at least five million. The illustrated magazine published by this association had a circulation of 62,500 in 1927, 144,000 in 1929, and 375,000 in the early part of 1930. The number of worker and peasant correspondents to this magazine increased from 3,000 to 5,500 during the year 1929 alone. The publishing house of the League of Fighting Atheists sold 700 editions of one thousand copies each in 1927, 34,000 in 1929, and 13,000 in the first three months of 1930. Over half a million copies of an anti-religious primer for workers and peasants have been printed and sold. Elger closes his report with these words: 'Through the radio, through anti-religious broadcasts, the widest masses of people are being reached by the propaganda of the League of Fighting Atheists. Thirty-five anti-religious universities are giving instruction to active atheists.'

THE atheists have their own five-year plan, whose aim is to attract seventeen million followers. This means that the present membership must be trebled. The publication, *Bezbozhnik*, is to become a daily with the gigantic circulation of one and a half million copies. Bolshevism sets about its devilish work of poisoning the mind during earliest childhood. A regular anti-religious instruction programme has been developed for the public schools. In Russia all teachers are made to participate in active anti-religious propaganda; they are allowed to choose between joining the League of Fighting Atheists or giving up their positions. Collective anti-religious work is prescribed in all classes, and the schoolrooms are covered with anti-religious pictures and texts. In Moscow alone the following proletarian culture centres are given over solely to atheistic propaganda: the Anti-Religious University in the Chamovnik quarter, situated in the buildings of the Second State University; the anti-religious exposition in the Second Precinct; the anti-religious exposition of the Soviet Syndicate; the Central Religious Museum; the Museum of the Central Committee of the Militant Atheists; and the traveling theatre known as 'The Atheist.'

Disturbing propaganda released by the Fighting Atheists in all European countries is making Bolshevism a constantly more acute danger to the Christian culture of the West. In Moscow atheist books and magazines are printed in forty-eight languages and distributed throughout the world. What are the results of this propaganda? We have only to recall the terrible attacks on Spanish churches and monasteries instigated by Moscow, and the decree issued against the Spanish Jesuits last January. For in no other country had the Jesuits penetrated the cultural life and especially the schools to such an extent as they had in Spain. The Spanish Jesuits had performed great services in the form of charitable work. A charity run by the Madrid Jesuits had distributed three hundred thousand articles of apparel and a million pounds of food to the poor. Their reward for this beneficence was exile from Spain.

The German organization known as the League of Proletarian Freethinkers is, next to the Russian League of Fighting Atheists, the strongest part of the Atheist International, and for that reason the Bolshevists place their highest hopes on Germany. We in Germany have about 850,000 organized Freethinkers, of whom 700,000 belong to the German League of Freethinkers, a Social Democratic organization, and

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150,000 to the Communist League of Proletarian Freethinkers. The Socialists are bringing up two hundred thousand children not to believe in God and the Communist youth organizations are bringing up some thirty or forty thousand more in the same way.

The League of Proletarian Freethinkers is employing all the methods of the Russian Fighting Atheists. It launched on Germany a lashing wave of propaganda and hatred that lasted until the President's emergency decree of March 28, 1931, which gave religious bodies a certain amount of protection. Since that time the propaganda of open anti-religious war has taken on a more insidious character. As Anton Koch, a Jesuit father, has said, 'the German and Russian organizations are working hand in hand and the German organization has been set the following tasks: to get the masses to leave the churches, to do away with religious education, to forbid the State to give financial support to the Church, to take out of the Constitution the paragraphs forbidding blasphemy and abortion.'

The German League of Proletarian Freethinkers is supported with money and propaganda material by the Soviet League of Fighting Atheists. A copy of the magazine, *Neuland*, lies before me, printed in Moscow in the German language and circulated in Germany. The frontispiece shows a worker who is hammering a church into a thousand pieces so that the chimes, books, and crucifixes are flying into the air. Thousands of churches in Russia have been shut or destroyed. Almost two thousand priests and several thousand monks and nuns have been sentenced to death without trial. Nevertheless, this Bolshevik journal, *Neuland*, written in the German language, asserts that 'the Catholics have not yet stopped using the words "religious persecution" at every opportunity in connection with the Soviet Union. We shall energetically set ourselves to the task—and it is high time—of showing our German peasantry, especially the women and children, how they are being persecuted by the Catholic priests. And we shall endeavor to free them from the counter-revolutionary agitation that is being carried on under the cover of preaching, the confessional, and so forth.' The aim of the atheist movement is to break down cultural bulwarks and make Western Europe ripe for the political ideas of Bolshevism. May this movement therefore be combated as ruthlessly as it is being conducted.

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A crisis in agriculture underlies Germany's domestic difficulties and caused the dismissal of Brüning. Here is an analysis of that crisis, which, incidentally, has many parallels abroad.

Germany's Farm Crisis

By MICHEL SARLO

Translated from *Vu*
Paris Topical Illustrated Monthly

THERE is no question but that perfected agricultural technique lies at the basis of the world crisis in agriculture. The process has gone so far that it is likely to upset the whole system of farm production as it has existed up to now. Here are some especially striking proofs. In America a quintal of wheat costs the equivalent of 2.85 marks when harvested with the tractor and the harvesting machine, which combines reaper, thresher, and binder. In Germany, without tractors or harvesting machines, the same quintal of wheat costs 11 marks. For in Germany mechanical production is but slightly developed. Seventy per cent of the farms, representing 35 million acres or 55 per cent of all the arable land, are not in a position to use modern equipment. For to use a tractor efficiently one must have a farm of at least five hundred acres, and for the harvester at least ten hundred acres, which proves that the present distribution of land is an obstacle to the development of mechanized agriculture. In 1928 the United States had a million tractors. In 1931 Russia had 200,000 tractors and Germany 12,000. In 1928 the United States had 28,000 harvesting machines. In 1931 Russia had 6,000, and in 1932 Germany has only 16.

Though I am going to deal only with the agricultural situation in Germany, it would be impossible to study it without relating it to the industrial crisis. We must not forget that fifteen and a half million of Germany's sixty-two million inhabitants, in other words, twenty-five per cent, are engaged in agriculture, and that their fate depends on the prosperity of the remaining seventy-five per cent of the population, most of which is industrial. Unemployment has attained staggering dimensions in industry. Official statistics show six millions out of work. If we add to this number the unemployed who are not legally entitled to social insurance as well as those who are temporarily unemployed, the total comes to nearly eight million. We should also include in this figure the families of unem-

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ployed, who amount to a total of twenty million people, one-third of the whole population. These few figures explain the formidable decline in the consumption of agricultural products.

In making a study of German agriculture one must not lose sight of certain historical facts. We should remember that Germany used to be divided into a multitude of small states, and that, although their numbers were reduced after the War, seventeen of them still exist. Although these states belong to the same republic, they retain many feudal features. One has only to spend a few days in Munich to perceive this at once.

AN automobile trip through Silesia or Eastern Prussia, which closely resembles the Polish or Russian plains, reveals the semi-feudal distribution of territory. Vast domains extend as far as the eye can see, ruled by the feudal château, whose heavy weight crushes the little plots of land of the peasants that surround it.

The Germany in which the *Junker* has preserved all his power has not followed the example of the other Central European countries, which, under pressure from revolutionary Russia, have divided up the farms to a certain extent. In Germany there has been no reform to speak of. When we look at the figures showing the division of land we discover that seven people own 1,909,000 acres, whereas five million little peasants possess 3,924,000 acres.

Germany is squeezed between two crises—one foreign, the other domestic. The agricultural crisis chiefly affects those parts of the country that produce grain and other products of small value. German soil is not very fertile and needs to be heavily manured. This raises farm costs, but as long as agricultural products sold at stable prices farming was profitable. In 1930, 13,600,000 quintals of artificial fertilizer were sold and in 1931 only 9,600,000 quintals. Because of the crisis large and small farmers alike were obliged to curtail their purchase of fertilizers, and since that time their purchases have declined incredibly. Whereas in previous years fertilizer concerns shipped thousands of carloads a day during their busy season, this year their deliveries fell to ten or twenty carloads daily. A decline of twenty or thirty per cent in the wheat harvest is therefore expected.

Professor Roemer of Halle foresees a decline in the harvest representing a value of between five hundred million and one billion marks. To show the importance of this drop in agricultural revenue, here are two figures that illustrate the decline that has already occurred. In 1928–1929 agricultural revenue was 9,300,000,000 marks; in 1931 it was 6,600,000,000. When agricultural prices began to decline in 1928 and 1929, Germany believed it could mitigate this collapse by raising its tariffs, which became more and more prohibitive until to-day Germany is the most protectionist country in Europe. In April 1931 wheat cost 95 marks a ton in Chicago; in Germany, it cost 300 marks. In April 1931 rye cost 70 marks in Rotterdam and 185 marks in Germany. In April 1931 sugar cost 150 marks in London and 400 marks in Germany.

An objection at once arises. What is the German farmer complaining about if the state has come to his assistance in a way that seems so effective? Well, the little farmers complain that protection, not only tariff protection but financial protection in the form of subsidies, has helped only the large estates. For rye, sugar, and other products grown in large quantities come chiefly from large estates. Four per cent of the farms produce 68 per cent of the products that go to national and

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world markets, whereas the 77 per cent of the farms that belong to the medium and small peasants do not sell grain on the market at all. The little German peasant makes his living out of cattle, and the small amount of grain that he cultivates only goes to serve his own needs. However, the fodder that he needs for his animals is the almost exclusive monopoly of the big farmers, who fix the price, which has already been raised by tariffs and taxes.

FAR from the elegant Kurfürstendamm on a dreary street in northeastern Berlin one meets at every step haggard men and women who reflect the atrocious misery of the unemployed. They are attending a peasant congress that is being held in a dance hall where several hundred peasants are trying to decide their fate, watched over by numerous police. They have come from all the provinces in the Reich. On the stage that their orators use as a platform a great black banner is displayed. It was under this banner in the sixteenth century that Thomas Münzer, head of the great peasant insurrection, led a crowd of serfs in revolt against their lords. This sombre flag reappeared some time ago in Pomerania and other provinces. It is the traditional symbol of revolt among German peasants. It is their defiance hurled at the state and at financial authorities, at foreclosures and mortgages. In a thousand communities the peasants have suddenly lined themselves up against tax collectors.

Johannes Nau, the president, is a peasant thirty years old and a leader of the peasant party in Hesse. Beside him is the secretary of the congress, Bruno von Salomon, who is renowned for having worked with the famous Klaus Heim, the peasant revolutionary leader in Schleswig-Holstein who organized a series of attacks against the tax collectors in 1928 and is now serving seven years in jail. The congress unanimously demands his freedom. All these leaders, along with Bodo Uhse, another insurrectionist, belong to the National Socialist camp.

The stage contains a strange mixture of people. Near these militant young peasants dressed in sport clothes stands the black figure of a pastor with a grayish beard. It is the Reverend Kötschke, one of the chief targets of the opposition press, which denounces him for having joined the ranks of the Communists. Beside him is a simple peasant woman with sad, energetic features whose presence proves that women are not indifferent to the movement. Every five minutes an orator speaks, often in a dialect that is difficult to follow. They all tell briefly of the characteristic forms the crisis has taken in their part of the world. Their language is far from parliamentary and when they cannot think of the right word they pound their fists on the table.

'The wine growers,' says a delegate from the Rhineland, 'are ruined. Their income is not more than a thousand marks a year and half of this is devoured by overhead and taxes.'

'You are still well off,' shouts one of his comrades. 'We make only 165 marks a year in cash and day laborers often receive only 35 pfennigs a day.'

'The peasant,' replies a Bavarian, 'is being killed by the burden of debt. We are nothing but slaves of the banker and the village usurer.'

'The big landowner is crushing us,' shouts a young farmer from Württemberg. 'We can't compete against the machines of the landowners. There is no use for us to work night and day like animals, with our women and children, too. It is hopeless; we can't accomplish anything. The land is so divided up where we live that my five acres are chopped up into twenty little parcels, and I am not as badly off as some oth-

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ers; for one of my neighbors has a little bit of land that is divided into thirty-five pieces.'

During the intermissions conversation in the corridor is no less animated than it was in the hall. We sit down to a pot of coffee or a glass of beer and a big fellow from Mecklenburg tells me, 'We are through with these deputations. We are tired of their promises. We are going to act.'

'What kind of action do you mean? The Klaus Heim kind?'

'No. The peasants' programme has changed since Klaus Heim's day. Individual action must be replaced by a mass attack on the government.'

But at the other end of the table a mocking voice interrupts: 'Sometimes individual action is a good thing. I played a good joke on the government the other day. When the commissioner was auctioning off a comrade's land I made a bid. You know that the word has gone out among us to boycott public sales, and the comrades believed I was a traitor. Being the only one to make a bid, I did not have to raise it, and as soon as the auctioneer had rapped his hammer he invited me to pay. "Have you got the money?" he asked me with an astounded air. I took a big bill out of my pocket, telling him that of course I had, and asked him if he could make change. I then laid on the table a billion-mark note dated 1922. Never in my life shall I forget the amazed expression that came over his face. The comrades made fun of him and finally he was forced to postpone the public sale indefinitely.'

But this joke has a serious foundation. What the peasant tells me is so true that the authorities have stopped attaching the land of people who won't pay taxes. There is too much land to be auctioned off and buyers cannot be found.

The lights go on. The congress is about to close. The atmosphere becomes more and more feverish. A man with a pale face who looks like Savonarola appears on the stage. He is not a German. He is Miglioli, a former deputy of Don Sturzo's party, bringing the greetings of a peasant international in the purest Italian. Without understanding a word that he says, the audience is carried away by the vibrating tone of his speech. His slogan is to form fighting committees in the 3,500 communities that the delegates represent.

WHAT a contrast there is between this congress and the atmosphere of *Grüne Woche* (Green Week), which is what the *Junkers* and big farmers have called their meeting. In 1927 the *Bund der Landwirten* gave the word to form a united agrarian front called the '*Grüne Front.*' 'Cultivators, big and little, have the same interests, therefore they should unite.' To organize this movement and to give it greater importance, an annual Green Week has been organized in Berlin. On this occasion the whole aspect of the capital changes. The restaurants, night clubs, and shop windows are decorated with feudal, agrarian emblems, antlers, garlands of leaves. Old-style Gothic inscriptions invite the congress members to celebrate the good old times drinking Rhine wine and Moselle. The theatres and cinemas give special performances. The streets are full of Tyrolese hats. Monocles and scars on people's faces recall the great period of Kaiser William, the die-hard.

Happily, these people form a tiny minority, and although the servants and hotel keepers still bow down to them profoundly, their lease of life is short, for they are financially ruined. No matter how noble they may be, whether they are *Freiherrs* or princes, they are entirely at the mercy of the Jewish bankers. The speed at which

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they got into debt again after 1924, when the inflation gave landowners a chance to liquidate their debts, was really extraordinary. The money borrowed on land now amounts to thirteen billion marks. Of this sum, five billion marks have been borrowed on small estates, and five hundred million marks of interest are due each year on these loans.

Their congress is one long repetition of the same refrain: 'We cannot sell our barley. The price of beets has fallen so low that we are selling at a loss. It is a patriotic duty to protect agriculture by raising tariffs. We must increase exports. But all that is not enough. We must be freed from war debts. Germany must become independent so that it can live off its own agricultural products, and the only exceptions we can make are for imports from colonial countries. We must transform agriculture completely and grow more valuable things than grain. We must encourage the production of milk, butter, eggs, fruit, and green vegetables. To arrive at this end we must pass severe regulations to modernize and control our dairies. Germany is still importing more than a million marks' worth of agricultural products a year. With a well-directed policy this money would not leave the country.'

This is what is called 'autarchy,' the great war cry of the Fascist agrarians, which ex-Chancellor Luther has defined as 'general impoverishment.' Yet this does not prevent the Social Democrats from directing their whole policy toward autarchy. At first sight this programme seems logical, but when it is studied more closely it not only reveals weaknesses but actually proves to be disastrous. Its chief weakness is that its purpose is primarily to help the big landowners. Furthermore, it has no chance of success. The example of Denmark, a country that has specialized in growing high-priced produce, that is considered a model of economy, and that is constantly cited as proof of the vitality of the capitalist system, shows us that it, too, has been unable to escape the crisis, for it has now reached a situation from which there is almost no issue. Danish farms are completely in debt. The peasant cannot sell a cow weighing 1,500 pounds for more than eighty kroner in spite of the fact that agricultural coöperation is better organized in Denmark than anywhere else.

The tariff rate in Germany has already attained unheard-of proportions. It has doubled and almost trebled the price of certain products and has made the cost of living rise scandalously. To mention only one example, the tax on wheat has risen from 9 to 25 marks a quintal, and, according to the latest news in the German papers, a decree issued by the Reich Government has just raised the tax on most imported food-stuffs to one thousand per cent.

SUBSIDIES granted to exporters have increased the burden on taxpayers, whose buying power is thereby still further reduced. As for the rise in the price of grain, since it is determined by concentrated, rationalized agriculture, it tends to crush five million moderate and small peasants for the sake of big property holders. But some gesture had to be made to convince the small farmers that they were being helped. The *Grüne Front* therefore adopted a colonization programme, an old idea taken from the agrarian policy of the Social Democrats. The aim was to establish around the cities colonies of a certain number of unemployed workers who would be transformed into peasants. In this way a hundred thousand little farms were to be created, but actually not more than four thousand have come into existence. And with good reason. For when the unemployed man agrees to enter such a colony he

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loses his unemployment relief, and the unemployed worker naturally says to himself that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

The colonies that have been established on the immediate borders of cities are leading a difficult enough existence, but when an attempt was made to build up colonies in the open country it did not succeed at all. The price of land and equipment was too high, and these little individual farms suffered from the same difficulties that afflict other farms.

In Eastern Prussia colonization was given a patriotic flavor. A pretense was made of creating a wall against Polish invasion. But actually the *Junkers* were resorting to this policy in order to get rid of land that was costing them money. Every time some of their land cost them more to maintain than it yielded they addressed themselves to the *Bund*, which asked the state to buy these unproductive lands and transform them into farms for workers. In spite of the energy that the workers brought to bear, their efforts were doomed to failure. But the *Junkers* had achieved their purpose. They had got rid of their valueless land at the expense of the state, causing scandals that are often debated in the press and even in parliament. The real-estate manipulations of a certain Count P—— are typical. This landowner, who controlled thirty-two thousand acres in Upper Silesia, obtained five hundred thousand marks from the Fund for Eastern Relief—the *Osthilfe*. With this he purchased ten thousand acres of forest land, and after he had sold the wood he persuaded a Prussian colonizing society to buy the land. The unfortunate colonists, crushed by the high purchase price, were ruined.

But big property holders are not content with indirect profits. They demand, and, of course, obtain, direct state assistance in the form of *Osthilfe*. This *Osthilfe* is the German Five-Year Plan, the *piatiletka* of the *Junkers* and the Social Democrats. It consists of a fund of 2,500,000,000 marks which is to be spent during a period of five years and which is supposed to go toward reorganizing agriculture in the eastern provinces. In reality, ninety per cent of this money has been used to pay off farm debts. The bankers, with the aid of the *Junkers*, invented this means of releasing frozen credits. The taxpayer is therefore obliged to pay two and a half billion marks so that the bankers may be repaid the money that they lent to the *Junkers* and so that the *Junkers* will not have to spend a penny. The report of the government commissioner of East Prussia contains this passage: 'We indisputably established that, of eighty million marks allotted in credit, sixty million marks, or three-quarters of the sum, went to one thousand of the landowners, that is, one-third of the total number of three thousand big landowners in this province. On the other hand, of the 104,000 little peasants, 2,400, or one-forty-third of them, received twenty million marks, or one-fourth of the credit.'

It is more than probable that the remaining 420 million marks spent during the first year were used in the same way, and it should also be added that, of the total 2,500,000,000 marks that are to be spent over a period of five years, only a hundred million are to go to so-called social expenditures, and much of this sum will be used to subsidize religious activities.

But the *Osthilfe* grants these loans to the indebted landlords only on Shylock terms. The banks have received the right to exercise permanent control over the farms that they aid. And it can be said that the *Junkers*, in spite of their resounding titles and their noisy anti-Semitism, are really the feudal servants of the omnipotent Jewish bankers.

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This whole agrarian policy that we have just outlined is the work of a strange coalition including Hugenberg, Schiele, Hindenburg, Brüning, and, last but not least, the German Social Democrats. In the course of a conversation the Social Democratic minister, Baade, who is a great defender of this policy, said, 'You seem astonished that I am such a warm partisan of a protectionist policy.'

'Why, of course. Protectionism raises the cost of living.'

'Yes, but living costs are not so high here. The price of bread, for instance, has hardly increased at all.'

This statement amazed me the more strongly when I discovered afterward that bread is about twice as expensive in Germany as in neighboring countries.

WHAT strikes one after visiting Germany is the confusion of ideas, especially those that bear on the farm crisis. This does not mean that the average citizen remains passive or has no definite attitude. On the contrary, he reacts more vigorously than in other countries. The very violence of the crisis impels him to join some political organization which he hopes will improve the situation. It is through political organizations, in the shock brigades of the Nazis, that a certain number of unemployed find work and bread.

What is the attitude of the peasants toward the various parties? For reasons easy to understand they are falling away from the conservative parties. The presidential elections did not run counter to this thesis. One must distinguish between the leaders and the masses, between the intrigues behind the scenes and the slogans that are issued. The leaders of the right—Hindenburg, Hitler, Brüning, and Severing—are fighting furiously for power. Times are hard. The crisis is sharp. Every leader tries to put his followers as near as possible to the butter plate. In spite of the differences in their programmes, the aims of the various conservative parties are in practice the same, and the peasant question has played no part in their struggles.

As far as the Social Democrats are concerned, they have virtually no influence in the villages. Their effectiveness is confined to the mass of industrial workers in the cities. Social Democracy has not succeeded in launching a programme that deals with problems vital to the peasants, and, through defending the agrarian policy of Hindenburg, Schiele, and Baade, it has completely lost the weak ties it might have had in the rural districts. Peasants reproach the Social Democrats chiefly for not having instituted agrarian reform, colonization, or peasant coöperative societies while they were in power.

The Communists, on the other hand, have the greatest difficulty in making peasants who are devoted to their little stretch of ground understand that the abolishing of private property and planned economy are the only methods that will free them from their present poverty. The fact that the Communists are opposed in principle to tariffs on farm products makes their task all the more difficult. Nevertheless, they have rallied together a considerable number of militant peasants, some of whom have come over from the camp of the Communists' principal adversaries, the National Socialists. This is due to the fact that the peasants are beginning to see through the contradictions of Hitler's demagogy.

But the influence of the National Socialists remains important in the rural districts for the following reasons. They speak a language that is well adapted to the peasants' state of mind. They are not weighed down with doctrine like the Communists but bend all their efforts to spreading the belief that

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they will fight against the Jews, who seem to be the immediate exploiters of the peasant and who serve as intermediaries between the country and the city, buying farm goods at low prices. They have opened what appears to be a vigorous attack on the usurious interest rates of the banks and on the high prices of industrial goods. But when one remembers that the Nazis are chiefly subsidized by big industrialists and banks this attitude seems rather frivolous.

The National Socialists have exploited the growing hatred of the peasants for the rich city people. Here again the Jew stands as the representative of capitalism. They have concentrated the anti-capitalist sentiment of the poor peasant on one group of capitalists, making him believe that there are two kinds of capital, capital that produces and capital that hoards. While preaching war on usurious capital they have posed as the real defenders of private capital, of the little fellow, ignoring the contradictions inherent in these demagogic slogans. They have attacked the war tributes imposed on Germany in the Versailles Treaty, which is unanimously detested.

Having explained the crisis as due to the usuriousness of Jewish capitalism and the incapacity of Germany's present leaders to fight against foreign exploitation, the National Socialists have spread the belief that all these evils can be done away with. First, by a pogrom against the Jews, the 'impure Germans,' and then by a nationalist, anti-French insurrection. Civil War and world war are, in short, but small matters if the good old days of the Kaiser can be brought back.

The German farm crisis moves in a vicious circle. Is there any way out? Should the outcome be a continuation of the present policy of high tariffs? Certainly not. Professor Dessauer of the Institute for Economic Research has shown that this policy has raised the cost of living by thirty-three billion marks. You kill the goose that lays the golden eggs when you prevent the consumer from buying. A third of the population, reduced to the blackest misery by unemployment, has at present virtually no buying power. But would a self-sufficient economic system prove a panacea? We know that would be merely an extreme form of protection. Is free trade the way out? That would involve the complete ruin of fifteen million German farmers. And we have shown the absolute ineffectiveness of other remedies. No. In all good faith it can be asserted that there is certainly no way out of the German farm crisis within the framework of the present anarchistic economic system.

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Persons and Personages

President Albert Lebrun

By Friedrich Sieburg

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, German Liberal Daily

ALBERT LEBRUN is president of the French Republic. Paul Doumer, murdered while performing his duties, has a worthy successor, a man of solid and industrious habits, one, in short, typical in the highest degree of the average Frenchman. His election took place without untoward occurrences, without a struggle, with no significant manifestations of opposition, but also without any signs of enthusiasm or devotion. The Republic, mourning its leader, took to itself a new president without conceiving the event in political terms. Indeed, the day would have been purely ceremonial in character if it had not been for the fact that the elections for the Chamber of Deputies had just been held. Because France now stands at the threshold of a new period in domestic politics, those who went up to cast their secret ballots for the presidential office saw in Albert Lebrun something more than a figurehead. For, though the French Constitution gives the head of the state very little actual power, he can exert considerable influence by reason of his personal aptitude, authority, and knowledge of parliamentary life. This influence can make itself felt if questions of majorities become troublesome or if the formation of a cabinet is complicated. The president can himself do nothing concrete, but he can do a great deal to avoid situations or foster them, and in this respect the first few months in office of the newly elected president will be especially important.

Although not a brilliant personality, Albert Lebrun is by no means colorless. He knows precisely what he wants without wanting it overpassionately; he understands how to use his time to the best advantage and how to master his daily tasks. He is amiable but cool in manner; in short, a person apparently destined to have few enemies and to give very little offense to anyone. His political career has been useful and busy. He was the son of well-to-do peasants in Lorraine; he finished his studies at the Polytechnic High School, and was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1900 as member for Briey. He remained there until 1920, when he was transferred to the Senate. It was as president of the Senate that he finally achieved the highest office in the state during the recent elections.

Almost by accident he became a specialist in colonial matters. He was minister for the colonies in the Caillaux cabinet of 1911–12, and in this capacity he signed the treaty that assigned part of the Congo to Germany. He also held this office in the cabinets of Poincaré and Doumergue. In 1914 Lebrun entered military service as a captain of artillery, but he soon reappeared on the political scene to assume responsibility in the Clemenceau

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cabinet of 1917 for the newly created ministry of blockade and the so-called 'liberated territories.' He represented France at Geneva in 1923, and in 1926 he was appointed by decree to the presidency of the autonomous sinking fund that had been created by Poincaré in connection with his sweeping financial reforms. His sympathies have always been with the right, although he has not succumbed to the narrow nationalism of his countryman, Louis Marin, with whom he has maintained rather cool relations up to the present. To the observer, Lebrun's life seems to have been full of activity, but it has also been regular in its course; the highest office in the Republic marks the end of a straight road.

The lovely sky of May had clouded over when the newly elected president stepped into his carriage in the palace courtyard at Versailles, surrounded by a swarm of cavalry decked out in bright blue trappings, ready to leave the royal city. All in all it was a peaceful day, which was fitting if one reflected that stands had been erected throughout Paris for the funeral of Paul Doumer. What of a dramatic nature could have been anticipated in an election that revolved around one candidate? Yet even during the morning hours the wide streets had been full of soldiers and gendarmes standing about belligerently under the delicate leaves of the trees with their weapons under their arms. The broad square in front of the palace, which opens out into three tremendous boulevards and thus seems to lead off into the infinity of the horizon, was blue with troops; beneath the billowing, round storm clouds that were slowly gathering hummed police and army airplane squadrons.

Although the throng of spectators, electors, officials, and journalists was impressively large it was much smaller than the crowd that gave a particularly dramatic stamp to the day when Doumer was elected and Briand defeated. It was scarcely possible for anyone to talk on the stands or in the corridors without mentioning Briand's name and recalling the cruel memory of the day when that great Frenchman, bowed down and beaten but still in possession of his innermost philosophy, went away, a solitary figure, from the scene of the National Assembly. No one remembers this with any sense of joy, for everyone feels that from a loftier point of view than that of practical expediency there was something unjust in the situation. More than one person who had lived through the events of that day confessed that the French people are fundamentally averse to such proceedings, and that the most recent elections furnished an answer to the one that brought about the defeat of Aristide Briand a year ago.

THE voting took place in order and without incident. Even the Communists were quiet, although they usually avail themselves gladly of such opportunities to sing or to make other noises that disturb the peace. Only when André Tardieu stepped up to the urn to cast his ballot could a few hostile shouts from the left be heard. Also, a few voices could be heard crying, 'Down with war!' It is true that certain members of parliament

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fell upon each other later in the corridors and boxed each other's ears for having employed dirty tactics during the electoral campaign, but the incident was not taken seriously and aroused merriment rather than resentment. Lebrun, as president of the Senate, presided over the session. After he had made a brief opening address in which he paid personal homage to the murdered president and communicated to the assemblage the sympathy of many parliaments in other countries, he resigned his chair to the vice president of the Senate when the voting began. As we have already stated, the results of the voting, which showed 633 ballots cast for Lebrun, were respectable but not brilliant; however, he could hardly have expected anything more, for he knew perfectly well that his candidacy was offered under abnormal parliamentary circumstances. As soon as the vice president had announced the result and had declared the session at an end, the minutes were duly drawn up and the Prime Minister, Tardieu, signed them as custom requires. This document, which serves as a sort of certificate of appointment to office, was handed over to the newly elected head of the Republic by Tardieu in the so-called Marengo room. Simultaneously the Prime Minister also transferred the executive power that he had held from the moment of Doumer's death to Albert Lebrun. Tardieu and the vice president of the Senate made brief congratulatory speeches that the new President answered just as briefly.

The President of the Republic had thus disposed of all the formalities necessary to the occasion. Now he had only to let himself be led outside in a ceremonial procession of questors, ministers, and officers of the guard, to be hailed by the throngs of waiting people, and then to go home. Nor should we forget the equally dignified procession that had preceded him, composed of the deputies and senators who had elected him and who were now rejoicing because they could at last light a long-desired cigarette. Those who were going to have seats in the new Chamber displayed more liveliness in manner and speech than the ones who had been defeated in the elections and who had now performed their last parliamentary function before retiring for at least four years to the seclusion of private life.

When Albert Lebrun appeared and stood for a moment in front of the cameras, his well-chiseled, open face showed no signs of age in the glare of the magnesium lights, and he smiled the fresh smile of a man who is too natural in his reactions not to show a little personal satisfaction at such a great moment. At his right stood Chiappe, the prefect of the Paris police force, who was passing through troubled days because his police had been unable to prevent the murderous attack upon the former president. To the left was André Tardieu, the great figure who was vanquished in the elections. On this occasion his face was serious and pale, almost stony in expression, with no trace of the flashing smile of more fortunate days.

The last of the blue-clad riders vanished in the dusk that crept up over the distant woods. Albert Lebrun still had two duties to perform before he could go home and end this eventful day like any other mortal. First he had to visit the Arc de Triomphe, where the Unknown Soldier rests in per-

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petual sleep under the arched stone, protected by the indefatigable flame. Here he had to lay a wreath on the slab of the grave and spend a few seconds in contemplation, for no man can rise to such heights in life as to absolve him from the wholesome necessity of reflecting upon death. After this the President was expected to go to the Élysée Palace and bow in respect before Madame Doumer. There he would look into her tearful eyes as into a mirror and be reminded once more of the fate that constantly hovers like a grim shadow behind him who has triumphed. That would mark the end of a great day. The curtain was ready to fall. All the splendor, the light of the May day, the music of the troops, and the gentle waving of the flags had become things of the past. The stage was deserted. Nothing was visible but a white-haired, grave-faced man engaged in silent conversation with a weeping old lady whose black garments slowly blended into the darkness of the night.

Thomas Bata

By Major Evelyn Wrench

From *The Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

WHO are the six best-known men in Central Europe? In the cause of international comity I will not answer that question in full; but one of them, anyhow, is Thomas Bata—(pronounced Batya)—the shoemaker of Zlin, whose father was a cobbler and who himself started life as a shoemaker in the little town of Zlin in the heart of Moravia. Wherever people buy boots and shoes throughout the world Bata's name is known. He is frequently referred to as the Henry Ford of Europe.

On a cold March night, when the hills of Moravia were deep in snow, I undertook a long journey to the now flourishing town of Zlin, where Bata's works are situated and where he employs some 20,000 workpeople.

The town of Zlin is Bata. From the moment you board your sleeping car at Prague there is one name on everybody's lips: Bata, the uncrowned king of Moravia. Armed with letters of introduction, I went to the works, only to be told that the 'boss' had had to fly to Poland the day before to visit one of his branch establishments. Just as Henry Ford personifies the new age of industry in America, so does Thomas Bata typify the manufacturer of the future in Europe. Bata thinks in terms of world trade; for him national frontiers do not exist. He has a fleet of ten aëroplanes in which he and his heads of staff visit his foreign selling organizations at a moment's notice. To-day he is in Poland; to-morrow he will fly to Switzerland; last month he returned from a trip by air to the Far East. Bata cannot be bothered with such tiresome things as frontiers and passports. On a recent flying trip he forgot his passport and was held up at a foreign frontier until one of his assistants flew back and produced the necessary document.

Disappointed that Mr. Bata senior was away, I asked if I could see his

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son and heir, who works in the factory just like an ordinary hand. The manager turned round and said, 'Has anybody seen Tommy?' In a few minutes a pleasant-looking, thickset boy of seventeen, in appearance just like an English schoolboy, came and shook hands with me. I was face to face with the future head of the Bata world organization. Tommy, as all his fellow workers called him, is absolutely without 'side.' He speaks excellent English. He told me that he had spent two years at school at Hemel Hempstead in Hertfordshire. He takes a great interest in Great Britain and things British, and is especially fond of association football. He recently passed his pilot's examination for flying in England, getting his certificate at the early age of seventeen. Flying plays such a large part in the routine work of the organization that Mr. Bata felt that his son should be able to fly.

One of the things that impresses you about the Bata works is their democracy. There is no favoritism; no one has any 'pull.' The only thing that counts is efficiency. The humblest employee can get to the top of the tree. Like the late Lord Northcliffe, Bata believes in a five-day week. His vast factory at Zlin works five days of nine hours, beginning at seven o'clock in the morning, with an hour for luncheon at twelve o'clock, and going on till five o'clock. It is only the staff of the counting house and certain other sections—and, of course, Bata himself and his managers—who work on Saturday. Every Saturday the 150 odd department heads meet together in a kind of parliament, when they discuss the past week and the future programme.

Bata himself 'checks in' just like any of his workmen. He served his early apprenticeship at a cobbler's last, and there is nothing he asks his workpeople to do that he cannot do himself. Before the War Bata went to live in America for a couple of years. He studied methods of mass production, and as a result the factory at Zlin is probably the nearest approach in Europe to the Ford factory at Detroit. As I walked through some of the vast factories and watched the finished shoes being turned out, I was reminded of Packing Town in Chicago, where the pig goes in at one end and the cured ham (almost) emerges at the other.

Another feature of the Bata organization is the conveyers, which move slowly along rails carrying the shoe in various stages from worker to worker. Each worker does something to the passing shoe and then places it back on the conveyer, which moves very slowly, until at last the finished product stands before your eyes. This conveyer is like a vast mechanical snake that never rests, and that day in and day out goes slowly coiling round the vast building. Human pigmies keep taking things off and putting them on the broad back of the snake, but the snake goes on coiling and coiling away, conveying thousands of shoes to waiting humanity.

THE essence of the Bata system is the autonomy of every department; every departmental head is paid by results. If he or anyone else can show

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means by which output can be increased or costs reduced, he benefits considerably. Like Ford, Bata attaches special importance to buying his raw materials cheap. He manufactures some of his own specialized machinery; he makes his own electricity; he has his own brick-works where the bricks are made for his vast factories, schools, workers' hostels, cinema building, workers' dwellings, and his new ten-story hotel for visitors. The Bata factory consists of a series of vast five-story buildings, each one of which is as large as an ordinary factory in England. Each building is given up to one department of his activities. Here is the building devoted to ladies' shoes for the American market; there is one in which cardboard boxes are made; then there is a factory for men's shoes; farther on a galosh factory, and so on.

In the entrance hall of each factory are displayed large notice boards with lists of names. Against certain names appears the figure '1' in red. These show the prize winners of the previous week, those who have either done their week's work with the fewest faults or who have achieved the largest output. The results are then published in the Bata newspaper. Bata is not afraid of letting the world see how he runs his concern, and large parties of tourists are conducted round his factory nearly every day of the year, but the workers pay little attention to the visitor. I have never seen such concentration. Men and women, boys and girls are all thinking how they can increase their output. Bata and his managers are always looking for a better way. Existing machinery is 'scrapped,' no matter what the cost, when something more efficient is discovered. Like Henry Ford, Bata thinks that alcohol is one of the chief foes of industrial efficiency. On the staircases you notice large posters in print and pictures portraying the harmful results of drink.

As I emerged from one of the factory buildings I had to step aside to escape being bumped into by two electric trolleys, similar to those used for carrying baggage at large railway stations, with machines on them. As they rushed by my guide explained that they were machines in proper working order returning from the machine 'hospital' to take the place of others that had broken down. The breakdown of any machine is reported by telephone to the central office; at once it is replaced.

Bata is apparently endowed with iron physique. His recreation is his work and his work is his recreation. He never rests. There have been occasions when he has worked two or three days on end without sleeping. The great development in his factory took place six or seven years ago, the head of one of the departments told me, when the population of Zlin was only 6,000. To-day it is six times that amount. For the use of his workpeople and the townsfolk he has erected two enormous buildings of many stories, like large Woolworth stores. Here apparently everything from a feather bed to books by Edgar Wallace or pictures of Rudolph Valentino can be purchased. Especially attractive was the dairy department, where large quantities of workpeople were drinking hygienically served milk. Bata is a great believer in milk as a diet for hard-working human beings, and much of the

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milk sold comes from his own farms. I was told that the consumption of milk in Zlin per head of the population is exceeded in few other places.

Unlike the successful manufacturer in Great Britain, whose home is far removed from his works, Bata's modest villa is within a stone's throw of his factory. Like all dictators, he likes things done quickly. He recently wanted to lay out part of the land in the centre of the town near his factories as a public garden. The fact that the ground was covered by many old buildings did not deter him. He gave instructions that the whole place should be ready in five weeks' time, and it was.

The motto of Bata's firm is 'Service.' No one seemed to know definitely when Bata will be ready to launch his British enterprise. When he does we may be sure that a new standard of industrial efficiency in the shoemaking industry will be established in this country. My advice to the shoemakers of Great Britain is—'Watch Bata.'

George Moore at Eighty

From *The Observer*, London Conservative Sunday Paper

IT HAS been said, with at least enough truth to provoke a smile, that England canonizes her rebels when their hair grows white, and the position in English letters now held by Mr. George Moore may be taken by some to be a case in point. Though, for reasons of his own choosing, he has not become a popular idol, his place as a master is secure. For the last fourteen years his books, though appearing afterward in a more accessible form, have been first published in limited editions, and in several of them he has by his choice of subject made hard the way of the easy-minded; nor has he swerved from the pursuit of his art to court the million with flattery of their prejudices or to startle them into awareness of himself with the calculated assaults of a jester's balloon.

He has not been a loser by this restraint. The million, though it can be duped for many years by ardent publicity, makes an artist pay for it in the end, sometimes dropping him with cruel suddenness, sometimes drawing his teeth by the simple method of saying: 'Oh, well, it's only old So-and-So!' and refusing any longer to take him seriously. The embrace of the British public when, with all the gestures of affection, it takes a tormentor to its heart is often the stifling embrace of a gigantic bear.

Mr. Moore in his youth himself goaded the bear, but only because it stood in his way, not because he had any abiding personal interest in it. His years in Paris had taught him that he could not paint, and had persuaded him that, in English literature, there was a niche waiting to be filled. This discovery, coinciding with circumstances that had greatly reduced the yield of his inherited estates in County Mayo, brought him to London, a young man without a fortune who lacked even the ordinary equipment of a free lance. He had an unusual appearance, a challenging, foreign manner, half-Irish and half-French, and a habit of mind that led certain of his

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contemporaries to think of him rather as a boaster and buffoon than as a man of genius in the making.

In brief, there were few to take him seriously, and perhaps none who perceived in the clumsiness of much of his early journalism—a clumsiness that admitted precisely those faults of extravagance and even of vulgarity which are now hardest to credit in him—the seed from which his masterpieces have been cultivated. But beneath an external callowness was a purpose of steel. He, whose want of formal education and whose long sojourn in France had made his uses of the English language unsure and undisciplined, would teach himself to write. How stern he was with his own errors, and how keenly perceptive of them, may be seen in the contrast between his first novel, *A Modern Lover*, which was not much more than a goading of the bear and an occasion for quarrel with the libraries, and his second, *A Mummer's Wife* (1884). This story, in the naturalistic manner, stands by its own merit, and not merely as a precursor of *Esther Waters*, which, eleven years later, carried its author to general fame and marked a period in his career and in the history of the English novel.

Though he has since written much of more ordered beauty and has developed his powers of narrative in directions to which this tale of a servant-girl gives no clue, he has never surpassed—or, indeed, attempted to surpass—the imaginative warmth, the glowing sympathy with human weakness and suffering that have bound a great public to *Esther Waters*. One of the vacant niches in our literature, which Moore had perceived from Paris, was filled by it, and it is unique as *Madame Bovary* is unique—that is to say, though eternally imitated, it is inimitable, even by its own author. In common with many of Moore's texts, it has since been revised, roughnesses of style to which his later taste objected being smoothed away, but, though one of the principal forces of his genius appears in his emendations, *The Brook Kerith*, for example, and the end of *Aphrodite in Aulis* having been brilliantly transformed, *Esther Waters* has proved to be a book of which the substance so far transcended the manner that it derives none of its claim to greatness from the perfecting of its detail. It is great because Esther is a great character, and depends less upon the elaboration of craftsmanship and more upon depth and intimacy of feeling than any other of Moore's major works.

AT THE opposite end of the scale stands his translation of *Daphnis and Chloë*. Untroubled by the need to create character or contrive incident, Moore could here devote his whole powers to the control of language, to that ultimate simplifying of its rhythms and melody which gives to his later prose an air of being the product of a series of clarifying distillations. In this piece is to be found, not his supreme writing, but his purest prose, the declaration and standard of his craftsmanship—that craftsmanship upon which it is a tendency of criticism to lay, in discussions of his art, too exclusive an emphasis. For between the passion of *Esther Waters* and the

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detached perfection of *Daphnis and Chloë* lies an abundance of work that will live not only and not chiefly because, as the groundlings have learned to repeat, Moore can write prose, but because he can write stories which are, as he himself might say in speaking of some tale of Turgenev's, 'like a vase.'

It has been said, perhaps too vaguely, that he invented the æsthetic novel in England. Certainly, if the phrase has acceptable meaning, if the æsthetic novel exists, he did invent it, *The Lake*, itself the outcome of repeated experiments, being the first of its kind. In its earliest manuscripts, it did not begin where now it begins. The opening retrospect—a flawless exercise in a narrative method of extreme difficulty—was undertaken that a formal unity might be preserved which, if the story had begun earlier, would have been inevitably broken. If the first draft of this story were extant, as we believe it is not, a comparison between it and the novel in its final shape would indicate more clearly than anything else the purpose to which Moore, as an originating and experimental artist, has devoted his life.

The nature of this purpose was obscured, during the period of his return to Ireland and for some years afterward, by the personal controversy that arose from his autobiographical, or partly autobiographical, volumes—*Memoirs of My Dead Life*, and the unparalleled trilogy to which he gave the general title, *Hail and Farewell*. But the battles of those days, though they have left scars on those who took part in them, are now generally so far forgotten that they, no more than the private scandals involved in Rousseau's *Confessions*, affect judgment of the work of art, and it has become plain that George Moore's autobiographical writings have a truth of their own, a truth never before attained, even by Rousseau, not always of ordered external fact precisely recorded, but of self-perception and self-communication.

He has drawn portraits of himself, not as others believe him to be, but as he sees himself with the eye of an artist as eager for beautiful composition as for objective likeness, and more careful for the impulses of the senses and spirit than for the often deceptive courses of outward behavior. It is not impossible that he has sometimes spoken of himself as doing and saying what he has said and done only in his secret mind and not within the apprehension of others; and he has imposed the same conditions of subconscious truth upon his companions and interlocutors. Some of these have found a certain embarrassment in being exhibited to the world in the colors of Mr. Moore's subconscious mind; they have preferred, as men and women will, to interpret their own secrets; but the rest of us can see that only as comedy, imaginative, sardonic, fantastic even, could the innermost truth of his life, and particularly of his Irish period, be fully represented. Some truths are turned to gray untruth by plain record. A photograph can tell nothing of a macaw.

Tired, and with reason, of being praised as a master of prose by critics who will not understand that for him prose has always been not an end in

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itself but an instrument to be everlastingly adjusted and subdued to the purpose of narrative, George Moore has been inclined in his later years to brush these particular praises aside. He has learned to write, and that is enough; if his critics would understand what prose can be, they had better read Landor. For the rest, his pride is as an inventor of anecdote and a selector of the angle from which a story should be approached.

If you begin a story in the wrong place, if you view it through the wrong consciousness, if you confuse the right uses of description and dialogue, then you are lost, and no beauties of language can save you. Above all—and this is the root of his critical dialogues—you must, as a story-teller, preserve yourself from theory; for that reason it is, for example, extremely dangerous to choose as a principal character an artist or a philosopher. With Tolstoi, it was theory from first to last; *War and Peace* is as much riddled with it as *The Kreutzer Sonata*. Moore's own *Evelyn Innes* was wrecked on it, and is now, partly for this and partly for other reasons, excluded from the canon of his works.

But was not Abélard a philosopher? Is there not in *Héloïse and Abélard* theory enough? And is not that shining narrative among the books by which its author has chosen to stand or fall? But the discussions of nominalism and realism, though they could not be avoided, are, he will say, the clouds on that story; its light and warmth are in the love of the man and the woman, in the tragic fortune of their love, and in the 'anecdotes' which, seeming at first encounter to be primarily decorative, are in fact the necessary refreshment of the tale on its long journey. And it will become evident to anyone who escapes from the hypnotism of the 'melodic line' and searches for the springs of Moore's narrative method, that, in this matter, as in most others that touch his art, he has rightly judged himself.

IN HIS later writing, the elaborate smoothness of the prose surface, coupled with his refusal to allow his printers to use inverted commas or the customary break of paragraph in dialogue, is in danger of producing upon the reader an impression of sameness; the music seems too chanting and regular; the very virtue of the prose induces a desire for a variation of its rhythm. And, under the burden of this desire, the reader's attention begins to sag.

Again and again, at this threatened instant, Moore applies his remedy of anecdote. Other men who, by a lifetime of self-critical labor, had eliminated one by one the faults of their youth, might well remain unobservant of new perils freshly arising from their mature conquests. But Moore's light of self-perception is not dulled by years; for him, as an artist, nothing is ended. Other arrogances he will permit himself, but never the arrogance of supposing that his own work is done or that the devils who war against perfection can be finally cast out.

From youth to extreme age an artist sweeps and garnishes, but his very triumphs invite new invasions. And Moore, whom intuition seems to warn

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of the first sagging of narrative, unerringly replenishes its vigor by some brilliant anecdote which, when the reader has been delighted by it as a thing apart, turns out to have been after all not a divagation from the main story but a tributary to it. The flow of narrative has not been impeded or broken, but a new stream has entered into it, and above its surface a flash of sunlight has challenged the clouds.

This device of anecdote most openly declares itself when Moore uses the first person singular of a narrator in his autobiographies, or, at a remove, in *A Story-Teller's Holiday*. Then it is plain for all men to see—and may not be recognized as being more than the outpouring of a naturally fertile and talkative imagination, an inspired chatter not incapable of triviality.

But the same device wears a different aspect when it is applied to the great narratives, to *The Brook Kerith* or to *Héloïse and Abélard*. Here it is seen to be a necessary condition of his style, a sovereign corrective of the one weakness bred by that style's surpassing merits. How else could the beauty of his language be saved from slumbrous smoothness? The obvious answer, and the wrong one, is: by abrupt break in the rhythm, by sharp transitions in the story, by any of the thousand and one tricks of humor or surprise with which novelists are accustomed to jab their readers in the ribs.

But Moore has seen that a river may be at once powerful and smooth, vital and continuous. It does not become dull or monotonous because no one heaves stones into it or with some angry irrelevance opposes its current, throwing the surface into froth and bubble. Let narrative be like a river, and, like a river, let it be saved from dullness, not by external violence or by opposition to its flow, but by the changing lights of mood, the swift refreshment of anecdote, the variant curves of its direction forever winding and unwinding themselves but leading it always to the sea. The beauty of the river and of the narrative method that Moore has perfected consist in their miraculous unity of stillness and movement. They are alive and at rest. They burn and are cool. In them the classical and the romantic ideals have, as nowhere else in nature or in English literature, a meeting place.

Maurice Ravel

By Nino Frank

Translated from *Candide*, Paris Literary and Dramatic Weekly

THE sedentary Maurice Ravel, quiet and mysterious resident of the Belvédère at Montfort-l'Amaury, has changed into an indefatigable traveler. The success of his *Concerto* has resulted in his being dragged from one end of Europe to the other, and it was only by chance that I was able to catch him in Paris between two trains. Anyone who expected to find the legendary Ravel violent and pitiless would have been disappointed, for what I saw was an elegant and smiling little man whose eyes glistened with gaiety and understanding and who spoke in a rather toneless voice. His

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photographs have led us to think of his face, with its white hair and dark eyebrows, as all broken lines, as if it had been designed by some unemotional geometrician; but in reality an expression of affectionate kindliness, a sort of incredible youthfulness, and a sharp intelligence humanize his features. He is as slim and spare as a Spaniard and speaks without petulance, with a sort of mixture of modesty and timidity that is disconcerting.

'I was so miserable in the country,' he said, 'that my doctors ordered me to give up work completely for six months. Remember the long months of work that I had to put on the *Concerto* . . . Well, I overdid. That explains all this traveling, which is a rest for me. I've been all over Europe: Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Germany, Holland (where Mengelberg lent us the Concertgebouw), England. We have been fortunate enough to have been well received everywhere, to have been highly praised. Naturally, I can only be delighted with all this traveling, with all these sudden contacts with worlds so different from my own. And besides, I like to conduct, and all these rehearsals and so on serve to keep my mind off the temptation to work.

'What is my own opinion of the *Concerto* to-day? Well, fairly good. I have the feeling that I found what I was after. Or no, don't let's exaggerate; we never find exactly what we are after. Which is fortunate. On the day when I feel that I have really found what I am seeking, I shall be done for. But in any case the *Concerto* seems to me to be one of the compositions in which I have come close to the matter and the forms that I am seeking, and in which I have best been able to work my own will. Am I partial to this last-born? Well, of all my compositions so far, the one that pleases me most is my *Chansons madécasses*. And I ought to add that the *Boléro* is the only instance in which I have been able completely to accomplish what I set out to do—but that was too easy a genre to work in. So, you see, I have n't yet really done what I want; but there is still time . . .

'WHEN I am at Montfort (and that is the only place I can work; Paris is no good) I compose all day, but I am not one of those composers who can work rapidly. I distrust facility. I am stubborn enough and sufficiently scientific to want to build solidly, to seek out the purest materials, to make my joints tight. My *Concerto* cost me two years' work . . . Yes, the symphonic form has often tempted me; for a long while, ten years and more, I have had a symphony under way, doing my best at it, for it is an admirable form. I put it aside, took it up again, and finally threw it aside altogether. But it is not lost, and possibly I will set to work on it again. At present what attracts me is the theatre. For a good many months I have been dreaming of a *Jeanne d'Arc* based on Joseph Delteil's book, whose form I find extremely attractive. I have even discussed with Delteil the episodes that I would use. But there is nothing on paper yet; my work has all been mental so far; I like to know where I am going before I actually set to work.

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'I have always been excited about the problems of the theatre. I've tried things for it several times, but have n't yet found the form I am after. Don't you think it's amazing that we are still working, let's say, in the time of Meyerbeer, and that since his time opera has n't advanced an inch? Wagner's theatre is absurd; we must invent something else. But the young composers to-day scarcely do more than imitate the forms of Gounod and his kind. Perhaps the solution will be found in a combination of singing and dancing against a quick-moving dramatic background.

'My favorite composer? Have I one? Well, whether I have or not, I believe that Mozart is still the most perfect of them all. No doubt he is the father of academic music, but that was n't his fault. He was just music. I like Beethoven, but the world of Mozart's compositions is a different world. The great thing he can teach us to-day is to *free ourselves from music*, to listen only to ourselves and to the eternal sources, to forget that which has immediately preceded us. The present-day return to pure forms, the contemporary neoclassicism or whatever you want to call it, therefore delights me in many ways. For that matter, I like the whole age we live in. Are not its admirable disquiet, its sincere seeking in every direction, signs of a period of fertility? You talk about my own influence, but it seems to me that I have very little. You want other names? Well, there is Milhaud, who in spite of everything has genius; and Poulenc, who composes very little. Among the younger men, who is there? Delannoy has a good sense of the dramatic. The Germans? In general they have begun to lose themselves in the intellectual, but Hindemith is still a real musician. There are highly talented younger men everywhere; in Czechoslovakia (I can't give you names, they're too hard to pronounce) I've heard some excellent things.'

Before I left him, I asked Ravel about the recording of his compositions for the phonograph. As everyone knows, the big phonograph firms, luckily, prefer his work to that of any other French composer.

'Yes,' he replied, 'I like the phonograph, or at least prefer it to the radio. Of all the recordings of my work the one I like best is the *Boléro*, which I directed myself for Polydor. Of the many recordings of the *Valse*, the best is the one which Albert Wolff directed, but it is not perfect. Some day I shall change it, since the microphone apparently won't take it as it is, and I shall direct the new version myself. Remember, too, that Polydor is shortly to bring out the *Chansons madécasses*, and that we are soon going to do the *Concerto*, with Marguerite Long and the Straram orchestra, for Columbia.'

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One of Germany's liveliest newspaper men describes his recent journey by railroad across disputed territory that may be the scene of the next world war.

From Moscow *to* Shanghai

By Egon Erwin Kisch

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*
Prague German-Language Daily

A STYLISH little Japanese jots down the hour of departure—or is it the taxi fare?—in his red-morocco notebook, which bears in one corner a golden 'S' over which two innocent-looking gold cylinders are crossed. A German asks us what we had to pay for rubles in Germany. He bought his cheap from a banker in Spandau. . . . As the train pulls out of Moscow a young man swings himself and his suitcase hurriedly on board, uttering a triumphant 'Porco di bacco.' He tells us he was late because, between his arrival at the White Russian Station and his departure from the North Station, he wanted to bear greetings to a man from his daughter in Rome. We ask the young man whether the greetings came from Signorina Annie Pohl. Startled, he stares at us; yes the greetings did come from Signorina Annie Pohl. He introduces himself—Corrado Sofia, war correspondent of the *Gazzetta del Popolo* of Turin.

But we soon need no more lucky chances or circumstantial evidence to tell us what kind of people are traveling on the Trans-Siberian express. The journey lasts for days and weeks; scarcely another express train in the world makes as long a trip as this. And we cannot even see out the window, for on the pane grow impenetrable ferns of frost. We can get out and stretch our legs when we stop at a station, but anyone who values his ears stays on board, for the cold nips and pricks and pinches his ear lobes, turning them blue in a twinkling. The breath from one's nose frosts one's moustache and the breath from one's mouth frosts one's beard, so that an assortment of frozen beards can be seen at every station. The remaining sights are most uninteresting. Another train with tractors, another train with turbine parts, another train with Russian harvesting machines. What do the international passengers care for them? They care for only one thing—war, which, to them, means tractors, turbines, and harvesting machines. For days and weeks on end they sit together and discuss war.

The stylish little Japanese who has

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the 'S' and the crossed gun barrels, the insignia of the Schneider-Creusot munition works, stamped in gold on his notebook, and who wears the rosette of the French Legion of Honor in his buttonhole, is naturally traveling first class. All day long he taps at his typewriter, playing his gramophone at the same time. Only in the dining car does he associate with his fellow travelers, but there he is loquacious. He is a true Japanese, which means that he was an officer in the American army during the War and is now the general representative of a big French industrial concern in Paris. (He does not tell its name, but we have seen his notebook.) His German wife is living with their children in Germany, and he has now come straight from the League of Nations.

After pretending to make sure that no German is sitting at the table he tells the following story. Dr. Curtius came to Heidelberg to take part in the celebration after the evacuation of the Rhineland. The school child who recited the poem of rejoicing happened to be the daughter of our fellow traveler. 'Bravo,' said Herr Curtius when she had finished. 'I hope you will always remain a good German.' 'I am no German, I am a Japanese,' the little girl replied. Dr. Curtius cleared his throat in embarrassment. 'Well, then, can you say something in Japanese for me?' After a brief pause the little girl said what she had heard her father say most often—a phrase that she had already taught all her schoolmates: 'You are a dumb-bell.' 'Good,' said the foreign minister calmly and walked away amid the laughter of the school children.

Our fellow passenger doubtless regaled the League of Nations delegates with this story, but he also brings some interesting ideas with him from Geneva. After pretending to make sure that no Russian or friend of Russia is present, he tells us that the Five-Year Plan of the Soviet Union is merely a plan for military preparation resembling those two-color picture puzzles from which all the green lines disappear when they are viewed through green glasses, so that only the red lines remain. These red lines reveal the meaning of the picture—preparation for war. Collectivization? Only so that the peasant can be forced to coöperate when the enemy draws near. Industrialization? Only to produce war supplies. Better care for babies and sick people? Sanatoriums for workers? Only in order to have healthier recruits. Schools? Only to train officer material.

When we put on the green glasses, it is as if scales had fallen from our eyes. This is the real meaning of socialism. This was what Marx and Engel stood for. They had nothing but guns and poison gas in mind when they evolved the principles of a new society ninety years ago. Bread and work for everyone capable of labor, free development of forces—all that was only to provide better cannon fodder.

Fortunately the Russians will not be able to succeed in their designs, for they made a mistake. They expropriated the Putilov works, which belonged to Schneider-Creusot. Therefore Schneider-Creusot will not do business with them, and no war can be won without Schneider-Creusot. Even England knows that. Schneider-Creusot makes guns that have more than twice the range of Big Bertha. The French can shell London from France without even setting up their artillery at the English Channel. The guns can be as far away as Marquise.

THAT is what one hears at mealtimes on the train that bears the legend, 'Riga—Moscow—Manchuria,' and that rolls ceaselessly eastward. We cross the Ural Mountains without noticing

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them, for the train does not seem to be climbing. At Sverdlovsk a German specialist leads us out on to the car platform to see a peak of green stone rising above the snow. It is the only bed of chrome ore in the Old World, and all chrome leather, except what comes from America, is made with chromium from this peak.

At Omsk we see huge towers being constructed in the valley beneath us. Are they blast furnaces? Or the head-gear of mines? No. The valley is not a valley at all, but a frozen river, and the towers enclosed in scaffolding are the piers of a new bridge. On the hill above stands a survival from the days of the Tsars, who, according to our fellow traveler, oppressed the people, simply because, unlike the Soviet, they had peaceful intentions. It is the fortress of Omsk, in which Dostoievski was imprisoned. How far from Europe we felt when we read *The House of the Dead*, yet we are now only at the beginning of our journey. Here columns of exiles went by to the rattle of chains, here hungry wolves howled; that was Asia once upon a time. . . . To-day there are factory buildings on every side, as in Moscow or Leningrad, and more are going up all the time. Auto-buses wait at the station, and the granaries of the 'Sojuschleb' stretch away in an unbroken lane.

Only the cold reminds us that we are in Siberia, and the thermometer keeps going down. We must set our watches four hours ahead as we travel eastward. Although it is March, it seems like December, Siberian December. At every station the train crew have to chop off the thick, citron-yellow stalactites that have formed under the toilets. The thermometer reads 42 degrees centigrade below zero, and a few months ago, when we were in the cotton country of Tajikistan, by the Afghanistan border, it regularly read 42 degrees above zero. We swore then, through our perspiration, never to complain of cold again. Now anyone who touches the iron rail with his bare hand in descending from the train cries out with pain.

In going from the dining car into our own car we are so frozen by the two or three open platforms we must cross that we lift every passenger we meet into the air, either from an excess of spirits or to warm ourselves. Only the Chinese and Japanese do not lift each other up, but pass by in silent hostility. Some of the Chinese were students at the Charlottenburg Technical High School, and they are going back home because their relatives cannot send them any more money. One young Chinese sits quietly in his compartment and does not say a word during the entire journey; something dreadful must have happened to his family during the war.

The German who changed his money into rubles in Spandau is a humble colleague of the munition speculator. He is only traveling third class, although he has bought some machinery with which shells were made in Spandau during the next to last world war. He paid 180 marks apiece for these instruments that have outlived their usefulness, plus additional freight charges of 56 marks per cubic metre from the North Harbor in Berlin.

Below us is a sea of houses. We are in Novo-Sibirsk, 'Sib-Chicago,' Siberian Chicago, as the Russians call it on account of its rapid growth. What a false comparison. Brrr. We remember Chicago, its steel piles rising from marshland, with the foul-smelling air around the stock yards, the wretched Mexican slums, and the Court Restaurant, where society people get a thrill eating the same meal, in the same building, at the same time, with a criminal who has been condemned to death. We remember the corruption that drove that rich city into bank-

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ruptcy. We remember the battles that for the last fifteen years have been fought on the open streets between gangsters and bootleggers, and how the police and all the officials are in league with these gangsters. Do not such mad goings-on imperil peace and order and civilization? Japan ought to be invading Chicago with bombing planes, poison gas, big guns, occupation, and annexation. There would be no need to worry—the League of Nations would certainly give its cautious consent.

On and on rolls our train, past Krasnoyarsk, over the Yenisei, along the snow-covered Taigen, past Irkutsk, by Lake Baikal, past Verkhne Udinsk, where the passengers bound for Outer Mongolia get off. Newspapers are for sale in every station, and the foreign passengers have telegrams from Harbin and Shanghai read aloud to them. Everyone is rejoicing that the war is progressing, that business is progressing, that the train is progressing. The Shanghai Express scents prey. . . .

AT Manchouli we change to an elegant railway, much more elegant than the Trans-Siberian, which is a workers' line, whereas the railway that is about to take us through Manchuria is political. It is called the Chinese Eastern, but it has nothing to do with eastern China. It runs eastward across northern China straight to Vladivostok. The first station on Chinese soil is Manchouli; the last, Pogranichnaya. But we are not making the full journey of a thousand miles; we are getting out halfway at Harbin.

It is an elegant railway and has already cost a lot of blood and money. Russia appropriated 378 million rubles for its construction, but by 1899 this budget had to be increased to the extent of 180 million rubles. A branch line of 150 miles from Harbin to Changchun, the terminus of the South Manchuria Railway, cost 82 million rubles more. The Mukden Treaty of May 31, 1924, recognized equal Chinese and Russian sovereignty in respect to this railway, but in July 1929 the Chinese broke the treaty, arresting and expelling the Russian officials. They wanted to own the line themselves, just as the Japanese want it now.

Chinese officials inspect our baggage, tickets, and passports in Manchouli and tell our Chinese fellow passengers that day before yesterday the Chinese garrison mutinied because its commander hoisted the flag of the new Manchurian state, a republic with an emperor at its head. For the Chinese are remaining true to China, although they have received no pay for five months. Casualties occurred.

Why isn't the Manchurian army turned loose on those who mutinied? Why do the officers and men remain on the western frontier, cut off from their homes? Why haven't the Japanese occupied the whole country? The answer to these questions is revealed to us as our journey continues. The country that we spend fifteen hours in traversing is the province of Hei-lung-kiang and is nothing but desert, the edge of the Gobi. It is nothing, absolutely nothing. Here and there an earthen hut, here and there a camel caravan. Even the stations on this elegant railway are more than wretched.

Two inscriptions form a cross at every stopping place. The Chinese characters are written perpendicularly, the Russian characters horizontally. At the stations we get *kipjatok*, free drafts of hot tea. In Kailar there is a poster advertising the Czechoslovakian shoe factory of Bata, which proclaims its wares everywhere in the world except in the Soviet Union. For the word 'Bata' on all the Moscow drugstores means that cotton wool can be bought there.

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About four o'clock in the morning the cross on a station proclaims a word that has lately become familiar to newspaper readers—Tsitsihar. Everybody is awakened. Japanese officers and White Guard civilians investigate passports, baggage, hearts, and kidneys. But the soldiers stationed along the train wear Chinese uniforms. Although armed with extra long bayonets they remain peaceful, which makes the officers and civilians who are inspecting the train all the more martial. Suddenly they return to one compartment whose passengers had already passed inspection to hustle out brutally a young Chinese intellectual and take him into the station. Apparently one of his fellow passengers denounced him for some anti-Japanese utterance. The gentlemen in control investigate the passengers with redoubled fury, but their intentions are defeated by a crowd of people pouring into the car. They had been on a train that was stopped yesterday near Tsitsihar and had fled into the railway station. Now they want to continue their journey, and the ceremony of investigation is lasting too long for them. They break through the cordon of soldiers, climb aboard, and drive out the frontier officials.

There is no more room to stretch out, although we have reservations. There is no more possibility of sleep and no more chance of rest. The new arrivals are full of stories. One of them, an American, is building gambling casinos in the cities of the new Manchurian state. He complains that the new ministers demand as large bribes as if they were firmly entrenched in power, whereas, in point of fact, Manchurian independence has not been recognized by the Great Powers. A Czechoslovak has been carrying on negotiations between the ex-legionary, Bretenar, in Harbin and ex-General Gayda in Prague, who wants to assume command of the White Guards because Semyonov is too old. Connections have also been made with the German Fascists through the ex-brother-in-law of ex-Kaiser William, Herr Zubkov. Everything 'ex.'

THROUGH a gray dawn we pass fields of soy beans. At ten o'clock, twenty hours since we crossed the Manchurian border, we arrive in Harbin, where for the sake of variety we undergo another passport inspection. Harbin is the point at which two railway lines, one horizontal, the other vertical, form a T, and we change to the line that takes the vertical course. It is full of Russian *émigrés* on the move. There is nothing to do in Harbin any more. Nobody in Europe buys soy beans. Changchun is now becoming the chief city in Manchuria. Nobody uses the Chinese Eastern Railway because it passes through a theatre of war.

'How about you?' one of the *émigrés* inquires.

I say that I come from Berlin.

'Through Russia?'

'Yes, through Russia.'

'Tell about it. Tell about it.'

I say that there is not much to tell because we were on the train all the time.

'Did they make you pay good dollars for bad food in the dining car? And did the waiter sit down at the table with you and drink out of the same glass? Ha, ha!'

The waiters did sit down in the dining car, though at a different table, after waiting on us. No waiter ever sat down at the same table with the passengers.

'Tell about Moscow.'

I had nothing to say, having simply gone from one station to another and got into the train.

'How?'

'By taxi.'

'A taxi? Ha, ha! So they have taxis now at the Moscow stations for for-

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eigners. There did n't use to be a single cab in Moscow. It is too bad you did n't spend the night there. Then you would have seen something. People are dying of hunger in the streets.'

Unfortunately I did not see this. A Russian gentleman hands us his business card. He is a theatrical agent. If we know any young ladies who can sing and dance a little he would be glad to hear from us.

At five o'clock we reach Changchun. It has a station like the one in Leipzig, though a little smaller, with asphalt platforms, subways, a restaurant, and a waiting room, but all the inscriptions are unfortunately written in Japanese. What amazes me most is that almost all the people, both civilians and soldiers, wear bandages over their noses and mouths. Are they all war victims or are they opponents of the new government, condemned in this way to silence? No. These bandages are worn by the Japanese in winter to protect them from the cold.

For twenty-five yen we purchase a ticket to Dairen and change to the South Manchuria Railway. Baggage is not allowed in the compartment as there is a separate place for it. In the sleeping cars there are curtains for every berth, clothes hangers, individual lamps, and a library for the passengers. This railway, too, was built by the Russians at the end of the last century when the great European powers were establishing themselves in China, Germany taking Kiaochow and Russia Port Arthur. After the Russo-Japanese War the South Manchuria Railway fell to Japan, along with all the coal and metal mines and electrical works that lay along its route, and the island kingdom has kept its bridgehead on the continent of Asia in good condition. China has built parallel railways that interfere with Japanese imperialistic designs, but since the Japanese cannot peacefully prevent the Chinese from building railways on Chinese territory they have had to resort to military measures.

Three young Japanese girls sit down at our table in the dining car. They are very pretty and have their complete costume on. Their hair is done up in three fluffy rolls with silver combs. Their bright silk dresses are ornamented with birds and flowers. Each has a colored sash of morocco leather around her bosom and they wear sandals on their feet.

The next day we arrive in Dairen, where there are skyscrapers, asphalt boulevards, street cars, automobiles, European shop windows, and American movie advertisements. In a telegraph office surrounded by pneumatic tubes and electrical signal devices, an official reckons up our telegraph expenses on a slate. This and the two-wheeled rickshaws are the only indications that this city is in Asia and China.

Soon we come to the harbor and there everything tells us that we are in Asia and China. Under the threat of the lash, coolies move from the dock to the ship and from the ship to the dock, staggering under their burdens, all of them walking in goose step. Dairen, which is apparently derived from the word 'Dalni,' meaning 'distant,' which the Russians applied to their Far Eastern seaport near Port Arthur, is a depot for all goods that come from Europe by land and then are shipped by sea to other Oriental ports. We too must embark on the Yellow Sea after two weeks in the train. The next day our ship anchors in Tsing-tao, and the day after it enters the Yang-tsze-kiang and then goes up the Hwang-pu to Shanghai.

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Here is an exposition in dramatic form of what might have happened if the early Christians had adopted Communist tactics and if the Communists had behaved the way the early Christians did.

The TWO Temptations

By JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH

Translated from *Europe*
Paris Liberal Monthly

THE FIRST TEMPTATION

SCENE ONE

PLACE: *The desert in Transjordania.*
CHARACTERS: *Jesus and Satan.*

SATAN: Jesus, you have remained forty days in the desert. You have eaten nothing during that time. You are hungry and weak. What have your disciples done, and your friends? Who has come to your aid? They have betrayed you. Do you see this stone? Command it to become bread, and you will eat your fill.

JESUS: It is written that man does not live by bread alone, but by the word of God.

SATAN: I expected that answer. Your spirit is victorious and triumphs over the revolts of the flesh. But it is so only because your Father caused it to be born so. There are in the world millions of poor devils—I take pleasure in using that expression, it touches me agreeably—and your Father has not thought it good to arm them with moral force. He has left them in this vale of tears without protection against the suffering that debilitates, and the lust that debases.

JESUS: Don't insult my Father.

SATAN: All right. Then substitute for that compromising name the words Faith, Destiny, Heredity, Determinism, Biological Law. You are acting rather proudly, being born audacious and disinterested, but will you refuse for others this bread that you have refused for yourself, and by what right? Will you enjoy a feeling of dreary courage in refusing satisfaction and well-being to millions of unfortunates whom destiny and biological law have caused to be born poor, weak, ill equipped for life, and infirm of will? Follow me up this mountain.

SCENE TWO

PLACE: *A high mountain in Judea.*
CHARACTERS: *The same.*

SATAN: Son of God, look about you. I am making you see all the kingdoms

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at once. I shall give you this power and the glory of these kingdoms, for it was given me and I may give it to whomever I please.

I do not ask you to adore me in order that all these things may be yours. I ask you only to order them in such a way that justice may replace anarchy, virtue vice, charity oppression, peace war, happy work forced labor, dignity servitude.

Act in any way you please. That power is given you. Break, shatter, divide, reapportion, assemble, make a single unit of all this confusion, knock down the foolish walls that separate kingdoms, extirpate the hatred at their roots, dissipate jealous suspicion, proclaim the new alliance and the new law.

JESUS: Have you reflected that in acting thus I should extirpate your reign on earth and should render to my Father these kingdoms that should never have been held in dispute?

SATAN: I did not fall with yesterday's rain. If you really believe that this would be the fruit of your action, act.

JESUS: In truth, I am tempted to take you at your word.

SATAN: Well, agree, and receive my benediction.

JESUS: I receive not what you offer but what you are finally rendering to my Father. Keep your sacrilegious hand and benediction, for I owe you no recognition. And I take possession today, in the name of my Father, of the kingdoms of Judea and Israel, of Samaria and Galilee, of the countries of Gaza, Edom, Moab, and of the lands that are beyond Jordan in order that I may establish the reign of God there, for the last shall be first.

SATAN: Amen.

SCENE THREE

PLACE: *Jerusalem, in the palace that used to belong to the Roman governor.*

CHARACTERS: *Paul, John, Matthew, Mark, Luke, Andrew, James, and some others.*

PAUL: The premature death of Jesus leaves us in a difficult situation. The Pharisees who fled the kingdom of God are causing us a thousand troubles. Alexandria and Rome, the two chief headquarters of *émigrés*, have become centres of perpetual plots against us. The family of the former Roman governor is intriguing. The pretenders are besieging Cæsar with their demands. Idolaters will not cease until the only kingdom where divine mercy reigns is subverted and the reign of God is destroyed in the egg. Military aggression is being prepared on every side. We have no news from our brothers who departed to preach to the Gentiles and establish churches in Byzantium, Rome, and Carthage. We can no longer doubt that many of them have been thrown into prison, some even murdered. I have recently addressed messages to those in Corinth, Ephesus, Philippi, Thessalonica, and Galatia. The replies are not encouraging. The spread of the faith is encountering severe and very unexpected resistance. What disturbs me even more is the general indifference that meets our message.

I therefore propose doubling our efforts to reach the people. Let us throw all our spiritual and material forces into one supreme endeavor. Let us spread the Gospel through the whole world by every means. Let us leave the government of Jerusalem and Judea to a council elected by the surest and most ardent of our partisans. Let all the rest of us disperse throughout the world. Let us go ourselves and announce the glad tidings, upsetting the images of the gods and of all the temporal powers that base their unjust domination on the prestige of these idols and the complicity of their priests.

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The cult of false gods has only one purpose, to drug mankind. Let us awaken the nations from their slumber. Let us summon them to revolt. Let this revolt spread over the surface of the earth like wildfire. Let it become through our efforts universal and permanent. Let Jerusalem hold itself ready to send us new waves of apostles unceasingly. For every one of us who falls let twenty rise up here and come to take up the torch from us among the Gentiles. Before a century has passed God's gospel will have conquered the world.

ONE OF THE DISCIPLES OF JESUS, KNOWN AS THE MAN OF BRASS: I am of a very different opinion from the one that Paul has outlined. The policy that he recommends would unavoidably lead to the destruction of the faith and the triumph of the enemies of God throughout the world. Our forces in men and missionaries would be dissipated by this continuous flow that little Judea would have to provide. The best would leave first and they would also be the most certain not to survive the dangers of their mission.

Meanwhile, in this very country and in this undisciplined city, the doctrine, the Master's Word, would escape from the rigorous care of the most energetic and the most firmly convinced. It would become adulterated. Interior conflicts would presently destroy the synod of the faithful. Heresies, sects, and tendencies would produce schisms. The well of pious recruits would run dry while the river was growing weaker at its extremities. It would be the end of the new era and of salvation. I believe that we should first organize the faith in one country (*and so on*) . . .

(*The discussion continues.*)

SCENE FOUR

PLACE: *The Imperial Palace at Rome.*
CHARACTERS: *Vespasian and Titus.*

VESPASIAN: We must make an end of that abscess that dishonors the face of the Empire. Depart, Titus, take command of my army in the Orient. Crush out that breed.

TITUS: It is lucky for us that these people acted as they did. I know a little about their doctrine. It is of an insidious nature. If these Christians, instead of fortifying themselves in one country and first trying to found their revolt on strong material bases, had refused to attach themselves to any one place, to confine the destiny of their souls to any one land, to develop a closed ideology, I doubt not that we should have the greatest difficulty in overcoming them. It would no longer be a simple question of force between them and us.

This pest would have extended through a thousand invisible canals. It would have spread through the whole empire like a subtle poison. It would have attacked weak souls, dreamy, irritated, or extreme spirits. It would have had a thousand bodies, but no single head. The prestige of the unknown, the charm of mystery, the attraction of conjurations, the taste for novelty would have won disciples in your palace, in your family.

What could we have done against it? I have heard tell of one of their leaders named Paul, an astute Jew, who outlined this dangerous tactic. He opposes the firm implantation of the sect in one country only. By chance they did not listen to him. He is vegetating to-day in Byzantium, precariously and without followers. The Man of Brass is directing the destinies of this revolt. He has built up the new faith in Judea on bases that he believes invulnerable. We shall have no great difficulty in destroying it because we know where to strike both its head and heart. Good-bye, Vespasian. When Jerusalem is taken the revolt of the sect will have lived out its day.

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The Second Temptation

Scene One

Place: *London, 1867.*
Characters: *Satan and Karl Marx.*

Satan (*aside*): Let us use the same tricks, for the oldest are the best. (*Aloud*) Good day, Mr. Marx. For several years I have been following your labors with the greatest attention. I have just read *Das Kapital.* It is a book that did more than interest me; it convinced me. It decided me to put my resources at your disposal.

Karl Marx: Who are you?

Satan: Some one who has been wronged but who can accomplish a great deal. Will you take your hat and follow me? Wrap yourself up well, for the place to which we are going is not warm.

Scene Two

Place: *A flying machine at a very high altitude.*
Characters: *The same.*

Karl Marx: What devilish kind of machine is this?

Satan: An invention that I am putting at the disposition of the proletariat to contribute to its emancipation and to aid in its victory against capitalism. Look through that porthole. Do you see the earth at your feet? Behold the kingdoms of the earth. (*Aside*) Let us repeat the little trick that we first tried 1,840 years ago, and let us hope for the same success.

(*He tempts Karl Marx with the same propositions he made to Jesus and concludes as follows.*)

What do you say? I especially recommend to you the empire of the Tsars. It alone occupies one-sixth of the world and its poor, ignorant, oppressed, starved population that breeds and multiplies unceasingly offers you admirable material. It is new and will give enthusiasm to any new thing that has a breath of grandeur. Its intellectuals are young, ardent, nervous, extreme, impatient to sacrifice themselves. Very well. I shall give you that country to make Communism triumph there.

Karl Marx: I don't want it, and I don't want any other. It is not by the path of political struggle that I intend to emancipate the proletarians.

Satan: Then by what other, Mr. Marx? Does n't your programme include the conquest of power?

Karl Marx: Certainly, but not in the way you seem to believe. A mistake of that kind would prove fatal to the future of the social revolution. What! Should I advise the proletariat to organize itself in one state or in one party, modeled on all those that exist?

Satan: No. Your state and your parties would be a class state and class parties, a state and parties exclusively proletarian.

Karl Marx: Error and madness. The real battleground of the revolutionary is in the mind. Let it remain there. Having laid down the rules of a critical method that opens up to us the comprehension of history, evolution, and economy, I should be careful not to search first of all for the point of political application. That would mean abandoning revolutionary dialectic for the profit of opportunism, and our understanding would be the real victim. By a series of linked consequences this would mean entering into voluntary or forced complicity with hostile political and economic systems or else parodying them.

Satan: At this point I stop you. You have revealed to us yourself that systems of thought, philosophy, and art reflect the conditions created in the economic system by a dominant social class. A certain metaphysics corresponds to a certain economic system, and a certain political system to a certain metaphysics. The domination of a

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certain class brings forth a certain definition of man. Change the surroundings and you change the interior within a brief space of time. We think sanely only under the rule of a sane economic system. It is you who have taught us that.

KARL MARX: When your digestive system falls sick and finally involves your whole nervous system in its disorders, does the doctor, who has been summoned too late, begin his offensive on the stomach or the nervous system? Will he naïvely follow the historic and logical order and, because one phenomenon preceded another, will he first attack the one that occurred first without asking whether the second has not later assumed prime importance?

Capitalist economy has created its philosophy. It has made a new image of man. By a return shock this intellectual system frames politics and economics. The essential vice of capitalism *first* resided in its economics; *to-day* it resides in its conception of man, in humanism and spiritualism. Having deserted facts, the illness has penetrated the mind. It now maintains its headquarters there. Unhealthy economics and detestable politics are now merely the material manifestations of this more profound evil.

SATAN: You have written the exact opposite.

KARL MARX: He who lives by the letter perishes by the letter. So much the worse for those who do not know how to read me without opening the bone to search for the marrow. We have the choice of attacking capitalism on the terrain of facts, in its politics and its economics, which are the prime causes of the trouble, or in the intellectual movement that it has developed and that has become the very atmosphere of all psychic life.

This choice is to a certain extent free. If my disciples are fools they will follow the historic order. If they have some independence and intellectual courage they will go where the danger threatens. When two armies halt to do battle they must manœuvre in the same country and resort by and large to the same code of war. Capitalism would have a good chance of transferring its vices and diseases to its enemy. To attack capitalist economy directly, to destroy the present hierarchy of classes and bourgeois oppression by means of a political revolt, we should have to combat them with arms capable of subduing them and arguments that would overwhelm them. In other words, we should have to put ourselves on their level, to borrow projectile material and theoretical arguments from the very arsenal of our adversaries, to inculcate in the fighting proletarian who is engaged in the class war a mentality modeled on the mentality of the capitalist troops. In short, we should have to compromise irremediably that nobility and dignity of the individual that we claim to restore. It is capitalist thought, capitalist metaphysics and spirituality that we must encompass by tenacious, disinterested propaganda from man to man, from mind to mind. Let us guard ourselves against being drawn into the territory of facts, of economic and material values. We should be overwhelmed by that chaos of physical elements, lacking in soul, that capitalism secretes.

A victory on the political plane alone would be fatal. We should be condemned to continue the imperialist tradition with a mask. If victorious communism begins thinking of the world in the capitalist fashion it loses its reason for existence and loses the world too. Therefore I say no thank you to your gift. Let the mind settle the mind's accounts. If capitalism is attacked by a slow and universal socialist and communist contagion whose essence is purely spiritual and cultural,

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the time will soon arrive when it will fall like a ripe fruit.

SATAN: But will not that method be cruelly slow? Will proletarian misery lend itself to such procrastination? And are these procrastinations anything but the elegant speculations of an intellectual?

KARL MARX: If we refuse the political formula that you offer us, we shall change the world as quickly as if we accepted it. And, I may add, more durably. Be so good as to take me back to London.

SATAN (*aside*): He escapes, but everyone is not so tough.

SCENE THREE

PLACE: *French Headquarters in 1915.*

CHARACTERS: *Those who would be there.*

ONE OF THEM: The Germans? They occupy me much less than the revolutionaries.

ANOTHER: Mr. President, if I were Titus and you said to me, 'Attack Judea, take Jerusalem, and stamp out this breed,' how cheerfully and easily I should execute that order. If I were Napoleon and you should say to me, 'March on Moscow,' in spite of all perils, I should obey. But what can we do against an enemy who is neither at Jerusalem nor at Moscow, who is everywhere and nowhere?

AN ORDERLY OFFICER (*entering*): The German army has just revolted and laid down its arms.

ANOTHER ORDERLY OFFICER (*entering*): The third, fourth, and fifth French armies have revolted and are fraternizing with the Germans. They have disarmed their officers. No bloodshed has been observed.

THE SECOND SPEAKER: What did I tell you?

A VERY GREAT CHARACTER: It is the end of everything.

ANOTHER: Mr. President, simply say, the end of us.

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England's intellectuals are going Marxian. This one, dissatisfied with the Second International of socialism and the Third International of communism, demands a Fourth International combining the middle and working classes.

Toward a Fourth *International*

By F. A. Ridley

From the *Adelphi*
London Literary Monthly

It seems to be true that periods of culture-time do not, as a rule, coincide with time as measured by the calendar. The sixteenth century died with Shakespeare, not with the year 1600. The eighteenth century ended in 1789, not in 1800. The 'Victorian' age did not commence its smug and prosperous course until the 'hungry forties' had come and gone. Similarly, the twentieth century did not begin in 1900. The 'Edwardians' were hybrids, and, subconsciously, knew themselves to be such. The nineteenth century ended in 1914, with the gunpowder plot that slew Victorian optimism; and, as the optimism was immense, it took an immense amount of gunpowder to slay it.

The twentieth century is only just beginning now, and its problems are only beginning to be apparent. Very few people live in their own century, and the twentieth century in this respect is no exception. It is just beginning to dawn on a few of the most intelligent people what the problems of the twentieth century are. The rest, the ruck of mankind, the 'enlightened democracy' as they call themselves, the 'sheep and beasts of the field' (as a cynical Jesuit once described them) are still scattered down the ages from the Stone Age upward! The twentieth century is just beginning its course.

What is the essential problem of the twentieth century? That of the sixteenth century was the creation of the world market and the capitalist culture based upon it (an essentially new birth that fondly imagined itself to be a rebirth, a Renaissance). That of the seventeenth was to lay the foundations of modern science and the inductive method based upon it, by means of technical inventions such as the telescope and the microscope, and the writings of such men as Galileo, Bacon, Campanella, Descartes, and Newton. The eighteenth century saw the victory of toleration, the ideological counter-

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part of free trade in economics, and democracy in politics. Its representative men were of the type of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Adam Smith.

The nineteenth century solved successfully the vast problem of power production and with partial success that of popular education. It gave man the mastery of nature and attempted to make him the master of himself, that is of society. Its 'culture heroes' were Darwin and Karl Marx, but as science is less individual and more collective in its achievements than art, literature, and philosophy, it was an age whose real creator was the unknown inventor, the most revolutionary figure in human history.

The twentieth century is not an isolated period. It is not an emanation from the skies. It mounts on the shoulders of its predecessors and carries on its work from the point at which they left off, and with the materials that they provided. The problem of the nineteenth century was, we repeat, to create 'mastery of nature,' of the production of inanimate power, of the raw materials (so to speak) of human emancipation from the age-long thraldom of the struggle for existence. The problem of the twentieth century is to recreate the social world in accordance with the new material world that science and technical mastery have created.

The epoch-making voyages of Columbus and Diaz, Da Gama and Magellan, at the end of the fifteenth century, created (or rather discovered) a New World unknown to earlier ages. The succeeding centuries slowly and painfully liquidated their obsolete political and economic arrangements and eventually clambered into congruity with the New World civilization, which had become inevitable. In consequence, the Mediterranean empires of antiquity, 'world empires' in name only, were succeeded by world empires that really deserved the name.

The problem of the twentieth century is to liquidate the social and political systems that were the inevitable consequence of the age of 'scarcity' and economic subservience to blind natural forces and to create a régime of human freedom based on economic mastery and a superabundance of material wealth, the change constituting what Engels described pithily as 'the leap from the realm of necessity to that of freedom.' This change constitutes the most gigantic revolution since the appearance of man upon the earth. It means nothing else than the freeing of human society from the bondage to nature expressed in the struggle for existence, which has made the life of the masses in every age *fundamentally identical with that of brute creation*.

This is the gigantic task that the twentieth century must solve under pain of social chaos and possible extinction in war, and it must solve it quickly, in accordance with the Kantian law of progress, by which the epochs get progressively shorter as they mount in the cultural ladder. If slavery and the civilization based upon it took millennia and capitalist civilization centuries for their creation, the achievement of socialist civilization must take only decades and it will, probably, be merely a matter of years for the still higher anarchist-communist culture that is yet to come. This stupendous act of emancipation is now beginning to press with irresistible urgency under the pressure of the monstrous and growing contradictions between the scientific forces that are mastering nature on an ever-growing scale, and the pre-scientific politics and economics of the Stone Age that human conservatism still preserves.

THE twentieth century under the lash of necessity is just beginning its

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revolt against the 'dead hand' of the nineteenth. It is not merely a case of 'doddering old men' and superannuated politicians, as the superficial criticism of Sir O. Mosley and his Noah's Ark of (political) Bright Young Things would have us believe. No. The old men are merely the reflex of the old ideas, and these, in their turn, do but reflect the superannuated and pre-scientific institutions, built by the men of old before the scientific flood, which our inertia and timidity allow us to preserve. It is not a Westminster comedy that we witness! It is something far deeper and more fundamental. It is the clash between two worlds.

It cannot be denied that this domination of the new by the old reflects itself also in the Labor Movement; this is so internationally, and very especially so in Great Britain. Just as the British ruling class has always prided itself on its uncanny faculty for 'blundering through,' so the British Labor Movement has been insular and narrow in its outlook. It has derided the scientific method and has scoffed at social science as Utopian and fit only for armchair philosophers. While patronizingly adopting the name 'socialism,' its 'socialism' has been, in practice, merely a demand for an increased share in the superprofit wrung by imperialism from Africa and the Eastern countries.

The politics of 'socialism' have, in practice, been merely the cast-off clothes of Liberalism, and its jingoistic insularity forbade as blasphemous any suggestion that British capitalism would not always be able to grant reforms or might cease to dominate the world market and pay big wages in the West because it was paying small ones in the East! The events of the last few years have shown that that time has now come. Whatever may be the length of time during which world capitalism is destined to survive, no realistic observer can deny that in addition to the fundamental disharmony between capitalism and civilization, the position of British economy in the competitive world market must get smaller and smaller. As Britain soared the highest so she must now fall the heaviest! The special advantages that gave her the world monopoly in the past have now gone forever. But this fact is still veiled from the vast majority, whom tradition has blinded to fact.

At the present moment we are, consequently, between two epochs. The epoch of reform is dead. That of revolution is yet to be born. While the socialist objective is not a political but a social and cultural revolution, the era of politics is not yet closed, and social revolution can pass only through the floodgates of political revolution. Human poverty has given us a series of class civilizations in which civilization and all its products were the exclusive fruits of a ruling minority. These minority civilizations were historically justifiable as the only alternative possible, not, as sentimentalists imagine, to a human civilization, but to barbarism.

Civilization is the fruit of the human surplus wealth. Where such a surplus was only partial, only a partial civilization was possible. That is a civilization for the minority, and the slavery of the majority was the necessary alternative to the barbarism of majority and minority alike. 'Justice,' said Lenin, 'cannot be in advance of the economic conditions.'

But politics is the necessary expression of a class-ruled society. It is the means by which the ruling class dispossesses its rivals and rivets its yoke on the subject masses. A political revolution is necessary because politics is the continuation of economics by other means, as 'war is the continuation of politics by other means.' By a similar logic, revolution is the continuation (or rather creation) of the politics of an

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oppressed class by 'other means,' which also are generally, though not invariably, violent.

The revolutionary movement in Western Europe, including Great Britain, still awaits its scientific formulation. While Marxism and Leninism command their millions of adherents, these dialectical philosophies of revolution born of the scientific method and particular historical experiences are becoming increasingly sterile. As a contemporary has wittily expressed it, 'The proletariat is armed with two weapons—social democracy, a gun that refuses to go off; and the Third International, a gun that fires blank cartridges.'

It is our submission that revolutionary socialism can proceed only on Marxian lines, but that in fact neither the Second nor the Third International is really Marxian at all. Both have degenerated into cast-iron dogmas based upon a one-sided and largely obsolete experience. The 'Marxism' of the Second and Third Internationals is founded, not on history, but on particular historical moments, and it is a fundamental truth of dialectics, and therefore of Marxism, that history never repeats itself exactly. We must prevent the creation of a new Catholic dogma. And, indeed, the hostility of the Roman Catholic Church toward the Third International is fully understandable, since these are the only two dogmatic religions left in the Western world, and competition for souls is always the most ferocious form of competition.

THE 'socialism' of the Second International was a trade-union, a parliamentary socialism; it was based on an ascending capitalism, and it was able to multiply its reforms out of the spoils of ascending imperialism, with which it accordingly identified itself in 1914, and in other crises. It had got so many crumbs from the rich man's table that it believed that with sufficient pertinacity it might get the whole loaf! It never understood that a social system concedes only nonessentials.

It believed, moreover, that it had plenty of time in which to effect its changes. It did not foresee that imperialism might be compelled to make a catastrophic turn to the rear. Its prophet was not really Marx, but Tennyson, since it believed in 'broadening down from precedent to precedent.' This colored its whole outlook. It is noteworthy that its British section (the Labor Party) moved the derision even of Conservatives by its timid refusal to innovate on sacrosanct parliamentary tradition. The Second International is now a cemetery. The social-democratic leaders are the most useless of all God's creatures, besides being the dullest. For them to call capitalists parasites is a joke, and a bad one at that. Professional reformers who can not reform! Professional bargainers whose basis for bargaining has gone! The ideas that suited a rising capitalism able to grant reforms are useless in the period of its decline. In any case, social democracy was never Marxian or revolutionary in anything but name. It is the pathetic ghost of a dead era.

The case of the Third International is more complicated. Lenin was a great creative artist who intended to save the world, but was compelled to confine his attentions to saving Russia. Here lies the contradiction in Leninism. Lenin was essentially an internationalist who made a masterly adaptation of Marxism to the Mediæval soil of Russia. This adaptation was intended only as a temporary makeshift until the proximate victory of the world revolution, then believed to be imminent. But history confined the experiment to Russia, that is, to a country totally different from any country that

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Marx (or, originally, Lenin himself) had in mind as a suitable basis for a socialist revolution. An agricultural country, a feudal or (in parts) nomadic country, one in which the twin pillars of Marxian socialism, big-scale production and a numerous and developed proletariat, were almost entirely lacking. A country where, on Marxian principles, socialism could not develop for the simple and excellent reason that capitalism had not developed first; and, to the Marxist, socialism develops not as an idea, but as the necessary result of the concrete experience of the working class as a consequence of the contradictions in capitalism.

The last few years have seen the triumph of Russian national reconstruction (represented by Stalin) over the adherents of the old Marxian doctrine of international revolution (led by Trotski). We now have the grotesque spectacle of an 'International' pursuing an increasingly nationalist policy and subordinating its own socialist revolution not (as the communist mythology has it) to enable Russia to build up socialism, but to effect that primary industrial revolution (with elementary education, and so on) which the Western European and American countries accomplished in the first half of the nineteenth century. This is leading from the rear with a vengeance! The real master of the communist International is neither Marx nor Lenin, but that Gilbertian hero, the Duke of Plaza-Toro, who led his army from behind!

To conclude. It is clear that neither in the Second nor the Third International is salvation to be found. What is wanted to-day is one who will do for the ideas of Lenin what that great man did for the ideas of his great master, Marx, that is, adapt them to changed conditions. The past is past, the revolution remains to be achieved, and the historical process does not stand still. If the Second and Third Internationals have failed, it remains to discard fetish worship, the idolatry of the instrument, and create a Fourth International, more attuned to the needs of our place and time. To outline its content here would be impossible, but it may be finally remarked that history does not know the 'pure' doctrine of revolution by a single class. The peasantry under Wat Tyler failed. The working class in the Paris Commune failed. But in 1789 the Jacobin bourgeoisie in unison with the landless peasantry triumphed. In 1917 the Bolsheviks led the workers to victory only in alliance with the land-hungry peasants.

To-day a new class is being created before our eyes, the disinherited middle class, educated, disciplined, and beginning to be conscious of the fact that it is faced with the necessity of choosing immediately between organizing for revolution or facing extinction as a socially unnecessary class with no future under monopoly capitalism; a class, moreover, which, unlike the children of the gutter, knows that life can be worth living, and that it can be worth fighting for.

All the signs point, in the opinion of the writer, to the emergence of a Fourth International, as a result of the union of this class with the working class properly so-called. Utopian socialism developed from a split in the Jacobin ranks. Marxism arose, philosophically, from a split in the school of Hegel, and, politically, from the radical wing of the German middle class. So it seems that the European revolution will be achieved by a Fourth International arising from a split in the middle class and its fusion with the proletariat.

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A striking short story describing the hero's sensations while under an anæsthetic. The doctor asserts that patients can never remember their dreams but this one confutes him and does.

UNDER Anaesthetic

By HUGH ANTHONY

From *Life and Letters*
London Literary Quarterly

HE LEANED out of the taxi and waved his hand. Perhaps it was just habit or politeness. He had asked her to marry him two, or was it three, months ago. She had said 'No'; then, 'Perhaps.' Her gradual approach to consent made him hesitate to ask again. Now she might say 'Yes.' Would he be glad? He did not know. Opposition stimulated him; angrily he admitted it. A problem solved no longer existed, no longer fascinated. He wanted to oppose, to strive against, even to hate—it did not matter what or whom. Always to be against—that was it. He pulled down the window. To love, to work with, meant to give. He did not want to give. 'I cannot give,' he shouted. And I hate myself for it, he thought. He found pleasure in hating himself, and was enraged at the admission. Intelligence told him that his attitude was wrong. But what did wrong mean? Yes, what the hell did it mean? Either nothing at all or something deeply embedded in humanity. A conditioned reflex, a social convention, a hedge over which one might the more delectably peep at pleasure, the salt that gave sensuality its flavor, or . . . ? He said the word out loud. The sound boomed. There was something in it beyond definition; it was dark and restrictive. Yet what did it matter? He leaned back in the taxi and his muscles relaxed. The earth was cooling down, contracting; so they said. A mere speck in a universe of island universes. In time life would fade out, the earth would be cold. And he was only an electron vibrating precariously round the central nucleus of society. At any moment he might shoot off into the void, become annihilated. Chemistry and physics, so they said, explained everything. How comforting, how cold! Why make an effort then? Why live? You could n't help it. You were just part of a reversible reaction between life and not-life. How cold! Opposed to cold was heat. Heat accelerated the reaction; cold delayed. There was more comfort in heat. The night in a café in Budapest when the sobbing strains of

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gypsy music had told him that he loved her, and he had walked by the Danube and had seen her face in the hundreds of lights that hung on the hills of Buda; each light her face, smiling, entreating, gay, sad; and the broad river the life that streamed nobly within her. Perhaps the clever men of science could explain these things. They had an explanation for everything; a fact for every fancy, a ductless gland for every mood. His thoughts, he noticed, began with Helen and returned through innumerable and, it seemed, irrelevant associations back to Helen. The taxi stopped at the corner of Queen Anne Street.

'Thank you, sir.' The taxi driver was impressed by the tip.

'You need n't thank me. You and I are merely a couple of machines working according to plan. We differ from the taxi only in that we break down more frequently.' Ambrose smiled. 'At least, that's what they say. But I don't believe it, do you?'

A nice gentleman, thought the maid, as she showed him into Mr. Candler's consulting room. A bit shy, but he did not look through you as though you did n't exist. 'What name shall I give, sir?'

'Helen is the name.'

'And *your* name, sir?'

He blushed and frowned. 'Er—I mean Ambrose, John Ambrose.'

Mr. Candler put his hands in his waistcoat pockets and squared his shoulders. He caught a satisfactory glimpse of himself in the mirror. His shoulders were broad; a good deep chest. Gave his patients confidence, he thought. Poor devils wanted it. He separated his legs and braced back his knees. He felt as fit as a fiddle.

'I've seen your X-ray plates,' he said. 'There's nothing much the matter. I shall have to manipulate your joint under an anæsthetic. But that's nothing. A whiff of gas, and off you go to sleep. Won't know anything about it.'

The sort of man who can have no doubts, thought Ambrose. Solid, confident; as substantial as his mahogany desk; as respectable as the engravings and water colors on the blue walls, dark blue. Handsome in an athletic sort of way. Feared God, probably; honored the King; was admired by his wife, and thought a good fellow by his colleagues. Oh, you felt you could trust him right enough; a man who knew his job. Must give them a false sense of power, he thought, having people unconscious on the table, pulling their joints about, cutting their flesh, watching the blood ooze from the body and then stanching the flow. How did they know when to stop, how far could they go without risk, he wondered.

'I SUPPOSE there is no risk in having an anæsthetic.'

Mr. Candler smiled, showing a perfect set of teeth. Funny how much more alarmed patients were about small operations than about big ones.

'No need to worry at all, my good fellow. A little gas and oxygen is the safest anæsthetic in the world. I've never known anything go wrong, and I . . .' He cleared his throat and jerked back his shoulders. 'Well, I've seen two thousand seven hundred and one cases in the last two years. Not a bad average, eh?'

Ambrose took a box of matches from his pocket, opened the box, and then put it back. It must be a queer experience to have seen hundreds of *cases* talking to you in a consulting room, losing consciousness, dying, so to speak, on the operating table, then returning to life and talking again. He wondered what his fees would be; it would be indelicate, he thought, to ask, almost ungrateful.

'And you don't feel anything?' Ambrose was not afraid, but he felt

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that he ought to sustain conversation. The surgeon laughed; the idea amused him.

'Good lord, no! Nothing at all. A few breaths, then a nice quiet sleep, and you won't know anything has happened.'

Ambrose thought that he certainly could not hate this man, he was too powerful. Absurd really to hate anyone. Why did he hate anything? Probably because he was baffled by the dead theories of life he read about. Purpose, progress, beauty, ideals, must mean something. And life must be more than an intricate machine, he thought, as he got on to the operating table.

'No false teeth or artificial eyeballs?' The fat, sleepy-looking anæsthetist grinned sympathetically. 'A neat little gadget this,' he said, turning to the surgeon. 'You can strap the mask on with these rubber bands. Then you've got both hands free.'

He listened to Ambrose's heart for a few seconds. He then gently put the mask over his mouth and nose. 'Is that quite comfortable?' Ambrose nodded. 'Splendid. Now I just want you to breathe in and out. That's the style. You'll soon be asleep.'

Soon be asleep, thought Ambrose. Don't like the smell of rubber. Soon be asleep; what a comfort; oblivion for a few minutes. He'd heard that some people struggled under an anæsthetic and swore. Hoped he would n't make a fool of himself; must try to remain conscious till the last minute. He took a deep breath: a heavy, sweetish smell. His head swam a bit; rather like being drunk. He wanted to remove the mask for just a moment so that he might take a draught of air. A voice that seemed to come to him over a wide stretch of water murmured, 'That's all right. Breathe in and out.' It was no use resisting. His legs were heavy. He felt his muscles loosen. A delicious tingling sensation came in his feet and rippled slowly upward along his thighs and his belly. His head went round and round in widening circles. He became wildly happy; he wanted to tell them he was still conscious; no, he must control himself. Two or three snakes uncoiled themselves on his cheeks, numbing them. That must be the rubber bands. Lord, he was going under! He strove desperately to remain conscious. It was of no avail, they had absolute control over him; he had given himself into their hands. He was aware of nothing but revolving space. He saw himself suspended in an immense void. Life was being filtered through his body. Death must be like this. He was dying, there could be no doubt of it; his doom was ineluctable. His swaying mind groped for his last thoughts; there were so many things unsolved—the riddle of the universe, the meaning of life, was God a philosopher or a jester? The answer to the riddle was revealed to him in his last moments, divine in its simplicity, true because of its simplicity. To LAUGH! What a sublime reply! To laugh! The cord hanging him in space shook dangerously. Laughter, not reason, was the gift of the gods to man. And people wept, poor fools, they wept because no one knew the secret. Nobody understood. How ridiculous! How fantastic! And he was dying and could not tell anyone. He would take his message to the grave, he, the one man who had discovered the secret of life. The salvation of the world was in his hands, and they were killing him. And they would continue to chase first causes across the absolute; they would try to annihilate matter and to create life in test tubes, until one day the sun would wrinkle its face in a cold, sardonic grin, and men would lie stark, stiff, and baffled at the last on a frozen earth. God, how grotesque! No, not grotesque, but uproariously funny. He must make a final effort and tell these fellows who were killing him; they were

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destroying their last chance. It was no good. He was dying, practically dead, the one person to tell them the truth. But that was surely the greatest joke of all, the supreme jest. He could not help laughing, yet it seemed rude because they did not know. If he laughed they might understand. He could no longer hold himself in; his belly heaved; his sides shook with unmanageable mirth. The cord rippled and snapped; he was scattered dizzily into emptiness.

'He went under quickly,' said the anæsthetist. 'I wonder what the joke was.'

Mr. Candler said: 'A pity he won't be able to tell us when he comes round. Funny how they can never remember their dreams.'

THE last echo of his laughter was lost in the air. In his dream Ambrose walked up a steep hill in search for the cause and meaning of death. Dying had been pleasurable, but death was perplexing. The same problems pursued him in death as in life. He wished he could remember the secret of life revealed to him in the moment of death. If there were the same problems, the solution would probably be the same also. Other people were walking up and down the hill, each one hidden from the other by his solitary and bewildered thoughts. Ambrose passed a gray-haired woman sitting on a stone and drawing pictures of children in the earth with a stick. He thought it was his mother, but they did not recognize each other when their eyes met. As he lifted his head he saw Helen on the top of the hill. She was building a house with children's bricks. As she built, a hand would appear from time to time and topple the house over, and despairingly she would start again. Ambrose shouted to her but she did not hear him, nor did she seem to recognize him. Ambrose shouted again. Then he listened and shouted once more, but he could not hear his own voice. He tried to speak aloud, and said, 'I love you, Helen.' His lips moved, he could feel the words form in his mouth, but no sound came forth; he could speak but not communicate. Panic seized him, and he stumbled hurriedly up the hill. Was the summit of the hill life, and the base of the hill where he was wandering looking for the meaning of death, death itself? As he stepped across a brook to enter the wood circling the middle belt of the hill he noticed that the water in the brook was still. In a clearing in the middle of the wood stood a Greek temple. He hesitated on the steps at the base. As he entered a sigh echoed from the columns. He stopped and looked round for the origin of the echo. Then he saw himself walk forward and pass into the cella of the temple, where a group of men were pacing to and fro in angry discussion. He felt no surprise at seeing himself. It was another consequence of being dead: you saw yourself.

'If he cannot decide to live at the top of the hill or to remain dead at the bottom, we shall have to destroy him.' The man who spoke seemed to have authority with the others.

'He cannot stay with us. He has done nothing to merit it,' said another, a lean man with close-fitting black hair and an ascetic face.

'He has not the strength to endure doubt,' said the first speaker.

'He is yet but a tracing in the sand,' they all murmured.

The echo of a sigh traveled from column to column of the temple, and the men in the cella stopped and listened to it. 'He shall return and try once more,' they said.

Ambrose saw himself seized and bound and carried out of the temple. He felt impelled to follow. As he crossed the brook behind the *cortège* carrying his body he thought he observed a sluggish motion in its waters.

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Looking back, he caught a glimpse of Helen; her house was nearly completed. 'How beautiful she is,' he whispered, and strove to turn on his tracks so that he might meet her; but he was unable to leave the body that was being borne down the hill. There was a curious noise in his ears, and for a moment he could see nothing. When his vision cleared he saw the procession walking down a long corridor, at the end of which the leader stopped and knocked at a door. They entered and put his body on a table covered with a white sheet in the middle of the room. Then, all but two, the men disappeared. One of them removed something from his face, and he saw himself sit up and anxiously look round. He rubbed his eyes and took a deep breath; at that moment he became identified with the figure on the table.

'But where is Helen?' he shouted, seizing the surgeon by the arm.

'That's all right, old man. It's all over,' said Mr. Candler.

'Sorry. Did n't know where I was at first. I thought you were—I must have been dreaming. Yes, of course. You were in a temple and—wait a minute. Let me think. It will come back to me.'

Mr. Candler squared his shoulders and laughed: 'Don't you worry. You'll never remember. No one ever does. Now let me see you move your leg.'

Ambrose moved his leg. 'But,' he said, 'there was somebody on a hill. I hope I was n't any trouble, was I? I mean, people sometimes—'

'Not a bit of it. You roared with laughter just as you were going off, but you won't remember the joke. A pity—it must have been a good one.'

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A straightforward account of how the biggest animal that exists or ever existed in the world is hunted to-day. So efficient have modern whalers become that their quarry faces extinction.

Antarctic Whale Hunt

By Dr. Erich Dautert

Translated from *Der Abend*
Berlin Socialist Daily

THE first glimmer of dawn shines on the horizon. The sea is still dark. Only the foam in the ship's wake is visible. The moon hangs like a silver sickle in the clear, dark-blue sky. The lofty, ice-covered mountains of South Georgia rise darkly above a heavy bank of silver-gray fog. At about six o'clock in the morning a shout from the crow's-nest announces that a whale has been sighted. Then the alarm bell in the captain's cabin rings and the voice of the man in the crow's-nest comes through the speaking tube. Immediately afterward a bell rings in the engine room below. The engine starts to moan and groan as it is accelerated to top speed. The ship slowly approaches a little bright spot on the horizon that keeps disappearing in the gray light of dawn. Then the cook summons us to breakfast.

From far beyond the boat comes a long-drawn-out, metallic sound. At the same time we see two huge fountains of water shooting about twelve feet into the air. The whale has emerged and is expelling the air it has breathed from its mighty lungs. In about a minute and a half the fountains cease with a sharp noise. The whale is beginning to inhale. Slowly the east grows brighter. Heaving, rolling, and trembling, our ship labors through a rough, choppy sea. We are going forward at a speed of sixteen knots an hour. Water dashes over the bow, soaking the boat from stem to stern. The whale swims along ahead of us quietly and peacefully toward the rising sun. The clouds of water that it expels with its breath shimmer pale red in the early morning light.

The captain is already standing in the bow preparing to shoot the harpoon gun. He wears an oilskin quite black with age and has pulled an antediluvian southwester over his fur cap. His oilskin is covered with so many patches that they have transformed the coat into a veritable suit of armor. Even up on the bridge the spray can be heard splashing against this coat of mail. The whale does not seem to be aware of the danger. It is apparently breakfast-

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ing off a large school of fish. When the creature dives it opens its huge mouth, which is big enough to contain a whole boatload of people and which catches fish by the score. It is hard to imagine what an enormous amount of food an animal seventy-five feet long needs. The fact is that the fish in the stomach of a dead whale often weigh a ton. Two thousand people could make a good meal off this amount of food.

Yard by yard the ship gains on the whale, and the minutes begin to pass more slowly. The fish swim ahead, followed by the huge whale, and behind the whale the little ship reels and lurches over the choppy sea. The great fountains made by the whale's breath keep rising into the air and then falling to the surface again with a loud roar. The enormous back of the mighty creature emerges from the dark water, black and shiny, moves forward a distance, and then disappears again. Standing in the bow, the captain raises his hand. The steersman on the bridge presses down on the control lever. In the engine room below a bell rings. The pistons move more slowly.

'Hard to port,' shouts the man in the crow's-nest suddenly. He waves his arms and the top part of his body leans far out of the little crow's-nest. He looks like an insect trying to work its way out of its cocoon. Nothing can be seen from the bridge, and even the captain up in the bow looks to port in an uncertain and doubtful way. But the man aloft can see far down into the clear water, although it is still quite dark.

SUDDENLY the ship resounds to a new noise as the double fountains shoot over one of the railings. The black back of the huge whale then emerges from the sea like a great dark rock. With a grotesque spring, the old captain in the bow leaps to one side as the gun barrel suddenly recoils. The heavy detonation of the shot it has fired deafens us, and a white cloud of powder smoke covers the whole ship. Water gurgles over the back of the huge whale. The carefully coiled rope to which the harpoon is attached begins springing from its platform with elegant whirls and splashing into the water. Then a muffled roar is heard beneath the ship. The shell has exploded in the body of the whale. The engine stops. The little ship rolls up and down as the waves break against its iron sides. The whale is still out of sight. The barbed steel hooks of the harpoon, each a foot long, have spread themselves out inside the animal. The heavy, rusty harpoon has penetrated deep into the whale's body and anchored itself firmly. Slowly and steadily the whale sinks farther beneath the surface. The last coil in the heavy harpoon line leaps from its platform. Then a sharp screech resounds from the forward part of the hull. All the line from the deck has now been paid out and the rusty roller over which the rest of the line runs from the ship's hold begins to give forth deafening squeaks. With a low rumble the capstan down below begins to move, releasing two hundred more yards of heavy rope.

The injured whale sinks deeper and deeper into the sea. The hawser keeps running out, yard upon yard. Often it seems to have stopped for a moment, but then it starts moving again so fast that the eye cannot follow it. The roller screeches and the capstan below the deck continues to rumble.

Meanwhile, the sun has risen and hangs over the sea like a great ball of fire. The mountains of South Georgia look dark blue under a milk-white, opalescent cloud bank. The high peak in the interior of the island is concealed by purple and violet clouds. Two big icebergs float behind us. They glitter white and dark green under the turquoise-blue sky to the west.

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A good half hour has passed since the shot was fired. The wounded whale has dived to the bottom and has taken nearly two hundred fathoms of line with it. Then, far ahead of us, the whale's two spouts rise above the water and the wind brings us the long-drawn-out, metallic noise that the spouts make when they fall on the surface. The whale has emerged again.

Spouting peacefully as if nothing had happened, the creature moves forward. Our engine slowly goes to work. The ship glides ahead in order to prevent the hawser from being snapped by the sharp pull that is about to occur. Then all of a sudden the hawser is pulled tight. The jerk is communicated along two hundred fathoms of line from the wounded whale to the bow of the ship.

The injured whale waits a moment, as if to summon up new strength. Then the mysterious pain excites it once more and it submerges, leaving behind on the surface a white carpet of foam. The hawser again tightens over the bow and the ship suddenly dips down in front and shoots forward. It sticks its nose so deep into the water that the next high wave, with its crown of foam, comes clear over the high bow. The water breaks with a noise of thunder on the deck and gurgles over the bridge, reaching as high as the windows. A veritable waterfall pours through the open porthole of the engine room, falling on the hot cylinders, whereupon a great white cloud of steam rises from the porthole. Twisting and turning, the ship swerves over the rough sea. The whale puffs and snorts as it pulls us behind it. A wild, fantastic chase is now beginning under a bright heaven across a marvelously brilliant sea. We pass by shimmering icebergs and diving dolphins while the great fiery ball of the sun hangs overhead. The engine is stopped and the wheel made fast. The wind is against us but the ship shoots forward with the water foaming about its bow. It is strange indeed to be advancing without the usual rhythmic throb of the engine.

The morning hours pass slowly, but the whale continues on its way at the same speed, without a sign of weakness or weariness. It spouts at regular intervals, working as quietly and powerfully as a machine. One might almost imagine that everything was all right and that the huge creature was earnestly performing a regular task in pulling this ship behind it. But everything is by no means in order. Gradually a nervous tension invades the ship. Everyone is silently aware that an unfair struggle is being fought and that this is no place to talk in loud voices or laugh. Ahead of us a gigantic creature is waging a life and death struggle in indescribable pain.

At noon we pass a floating ice field. A few small bits of ice strike against our iron sides with deafening crashes. The helmsman shouts some orders. Two sailors with hammers and chisels rush forward to cut the hawser in case of danger. For if we ran into a large iceberg at this speed the ship would be smashed to pieces. But the whale skirts the ice field and only a few detached blocks strike the side of the ship. In three-quarters of an hour the ice field lies to port behind us.

After lunch the captain mounts the bridge and observes the movements of the whale for a long time. He then pushes the control lever one notch backward. The engine begins to work and the propeller slowly goes into reverse with a gurgling sound, but the ship continues forward at the same rate of speed. Only the movements of the whale look a little more lively.

Again the old captain pushes the control lever one notch farther back. The dial now shows that the engine is running at half speed reverse. Gradu-

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ally the propeller takes hold and retards the ship. Then with an angry sniff the captain pulls the control lever all the way back. The propeller is now working at full speed reverse. The stern sinks deep into the water and the ship comes to a halt. The whale stops a moment, amazed because the pain in the rear of its body is becoming more intense. For a short time it stays quiet in the water as if dead. The pistons in the cylinders hammer away hard and relentlessly. Slowly the engine overpowers the great whale. The ship is going backwards.

Then the whale charges forward, rolling high above the water. Interminably slowly and painfully it curves its powerful back, which rises like a huge dark bridge high above the waves. All the pain that a living creature can suffer is expressed in this extraordinary, slow movement, which makes the enormous whale look more gigantic than ever. With a thundering crash its broad tail comes down on the water and its terrific great body, seventy-five feet long, shoots high into the air, falling back into the sea with a heavy quiver while white foam splashes above it. Once again it rears itself up and then continues its forward journey. The ship receives a jerk that makes it creak in every joint. We reel backward, and below deck some of the cogs in the capstan wheel crack and break.

The captain seizes the control lever with a curse. The pistons in the cylinders rise and fall a few more times and then stop with a long-drawn-out hum. The ship gives a few jerks and then moves smoothly forward as it did before. The whale is beginning his vain flight from pain and death all over again. The afternoon passes slowly. Blood flows steadily from the big wound and stains the water dark red. Through the binoculars we can see the dark hawser emerging from a great bloody hole in the whale's back. The harpoon, which is over a yard long, has penetrated so deep that it has completely disappeared in the animal's body.

Nearly eight hours have now passed since the shot was fired. For nearly eight hours the fatally wounded whale has pulled us over a rough sea. It is grotesque and tragic to be thus taken by a living creature on a crazy journey of over a hundred miles. One can do nothing but wait until the animal's gigantic strength is exhausted. After finishing our coffee we come on deck again and notice that the speed of the boat has slowed down considerably. The whale's movements have become short and hasty. The double fountains that it spouts are now deep red. Blood is pouring from its lungs. The drama seems to be nearing its end.

Again the engine goes into reverse and the ship finally stops. Then the capstan below begins to rumble and roar. Yard by yard the hawser is slowly pulled in, drawing the exhausted whale nearer. When it is close to the ship it puts forth its last strength in a gigantic, despairing fight. The ship creaks all over as if it were about to fall apart. Once more the colossus raises its full length above the water and once again its great, broad tail comes down on the surface with a thundering crash. Then it collapses, inert and lifeless, turning over so that its snow-white stomach gleams above the waves in the light of the setting sun. Later a boat is put overboard and the whale's tail is fastened to the steamer with a strong chain. Late at night we turn back with our catch to the whaling station. The hunt is over.

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BOOKS ABROAD

L'IDÉE FIXE, OU DEUX HOMMES À LA MER. *By Paul Valéry. Paris: Edition des Laboratoires Martinet. 1932.*

(René Lalou in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris)

'MAN is made to talk,' declares the protagonist of *The Fixed Idea.* All those who have met Paul Valéry know that he is marvelously human in this respect. And now his new book, in dialogue form, deploring the disappearance of *salons* and literary cafés, will make numerous readers understand what Paul Valéry's familiar conversation is. Never has he revealed himself more completely than in this conversation with a doctor who spends his vacations pretending to be a painter and fisherman. The simulation goes even further, since we shall see the two protagonists, like the magicians in the Arabian story, exchanging weapons on the field of combat.

That privileged spot, no doubt close to the seaside cemetery celebrated in one of Valéry's earlier poems, lies at the foot of some rocks against which the Mediterranean gently breaks. Five minutes after their meeting the two friends have raised enough problems to justify the pun in the title, *The Fixed Idea, or Two Men at Sea.* 'Incoherence,' Valéry observes, 'give and take, and idle chatter are the rule and even the necessity in conversation.' Obeying the rule, he composes a seductive comedy, glittering with epigrams, gay wit, and parodied quotations. He spares nobody, and this most 'hermetic' of our academicians knows how to mock as well as any simple gynecologist. In short, spoken literature has not produced for our pleasure such an original crystallization as this book since *Le Neveu de Rameau* and *Jacques le Fataliste.*

But do not get the idea that the author of *Eupalinos* has forgotten the Socratic method. An intensely personal logic suffuses all his apparent meanderings. His agile dialectic pursues very precise ends. He shows that there are no fixed ideas but simply 'abnormally favored' ideas. The concept of a doubtful unconscious is replaced by what he calls an 'implex,' which does not mean activity but capacity. He suggests that a history of therapeutics would prove how intimately we have changed. He corrects the errors of perspective committed by official reporters and moralists with their sporting code of sadism. 'Life,' remarks Valéry, 'has an element of accident that is made up of law.' He maliciously forces the psychiatrist to recognize that life is paranoiac and that living things are what disconcert living people most. There is nothing systematic in these reflections; they are tied together by images or themes. What Valéry denounces is the 'reign of automatic abracadabra,' an intoxication so strong that it makes us insensitive to any but the most violent shock. He objects, not to machinery, but to slavery. He attacks every doctrine that advocates the submission of man to spiritual mechanism.

Is this nihilism? Not at all. It is a declaration of war against any mental discipline that would tend to diminish what Valéry calls our 'sovereign good,' which he defines as the 'quantity, or rather the degree, of liberty of the spirit.' This liberty rigorously involves the duty not to reduce ourselves to any fictitious unity. 'There is no mind that is in agreement with itself, for if it were it would not be mind.' It is a pleasure to come upon such statements in the course of the same conversation in

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which Valéry recalls that the normal man carries within himself in a diffused state all the troubles that turn into obsession or madness among the afflicted. For all great human dramas have as their theatre the consciousness of a normal man when a single tendency comes into conflict with the rest of his aspirations. A soul that is already specialized can only offer gloomy dramas to specialists. Paul Valéry is a normal man and hence a stage on which tragedies and comedies keep recurring. Let us be glad that the pictures he gives of them are dedicated to his friends in the medical profession and have been generously distributed by the heads of the Martinet Laboratories.

NORMAL man and freedom of thought—these two formulæ are as complementary to each other as a firm hand and a solid tool. Analyzing the work of the mind, Paul Valéry characterizes it as the passage 'of a certain disorder for its own sake into a certain order for its own sake.' In spite of his admiration for Napoleon he does not have the highest esteem for the faculty of living in the possible, of 'secreting the tomorrow.' What he calls genius is the divine reward for long constraint, the clear, sure vision of an harmonious whole whose diverse elements become conciliated in complete liberty.

Paul Valéry is faithful to his early character, M. Teste, since he once again uses this pseudonym and invests this character with his own physical attributes: 'A nervous, ravaged face in which the young and the old are strangely blended . . . in which one reads all the tenses of the verb "to be" simultaneously excited; a most uneven facial expression, with the eyes sometimes more present, sometimes more absent than they should be.' In *La Soirée* this character of Edmond Teste fought against his physical suffering. In this book this character who is more sensitive than many apostles of the heart, this man whom the doctor compares to a mannequin 'completely equipped with nervous bells,' struggles against the flood of passionate and sad reflections that he evokes in the prelude to *The Fixed Idea*. Thus the comedy of ideas in this dialogue does not in any sense conceal the presence of a profound current of tragic emotions. The good doctor divines this tragedy, accusing his friend of undermining, for personal ends, 'the already very respectable monument of our knowledge of the mind.' A discreet admission confirms his diagnosis. 'This afternoon seems to me very difficult to live through.' But, ever since M. Teste admitted that he found a remedy for his torments in 'acuteness and agility of mind' we recognized in his virtuosity, just as in the pirouettes of Hamlet, the healthy defense of a normal man against mysterious forces. People who despise clear thinking will object to this as a precarious refuge, but Edmond Teste does not deny that 'everything is threatened, every idea lives dangerously.' If other certitudes should collapse we should still have left, on the narrow parapet that despair has not assailed, this evidence of an equilibrium forever threatened but forever reëstablished by a mind mobile as life itself. We should still have this pure homage that Paul Valéry has paid to our universe, this impeccable swordsman's salute.

DEUTSCHER GEIST IN GEFAHR. *By Ernst Robert Curtius. Stuttgart and Berlin: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt. 1932.*

(Jean Schlumberger in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris)

OUR readers have already seen the first chapter, entitled 'The Abandonment of Culture,' of a book by Ernst Robert Curtius attacking the

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serious danger that now threatens intellectual life in Germany. The complete work has just appeared and it touches on so many important problems that we should not have to wait for it to be translated in order to discover what the author has to say and even what practical suggestions he may have to offer. For if the book is inspired by faith in the spiritual life in Germany, it is also inspired by faith in the universality of the spirit.

Last year in *Is Germany Finished?* Pierre Viénot gave us some just and new indications that the middle class is disappearing in Germany, and he pointed out the consequences of this event. Ernst Robert Curtius tries to counterbalance the uncertainties that Pierre Viénot discussed with new Germany certainties that may have value in other countries as well.

Though the middle class has always been a hybrid affair across the Rhine and though it has lacked real political power, its progressive collapse has brought down whole sections of German culture. The nation's leaders show a growing indifference to things of the spirit, an indifference that has turned to positive hatred among the extremists, who are deliberately exploiting this hatred in behalf of political interests. 'Intelligence is a danger to the formation of character,' one of them maintains, 'and, besides, all ideas have failed.' Others declare that German culture can affirm itself only by attacking an ideal of humanism that was worn out long ago and that has been emptied of all its life-giving virtue. Such formulas are already commonplace. They keep recurring in speeches so that one can fairly say that, from top to bottom of the political hierarchy, a strange reserve, a kind of embarrassment, exists when any allusion is made to intellectual values.

Nationalism is taking the most resolute front against everything that might be called tradition or rational discipline. In its hatred of everything French nationalism is ready to reject humanism as well as Christianity, because both are identified with the Latin spirit. It goes even further, for the campaign it conducts against culture attacks things that have spontaneously developed on German soil. It indulges in a catastrophic mysticism, in an expectation of unprecedented events, that bears no resemblance to anything that humanity can remember. Lacking background, lacking historical information, it believes in a radical break between the present instant and everything that has gone before. It refuses to recognize that human evolution is a sequence of periodic upheavals, the present crisis being one of them and not a unique event.

Thus it applies a philosophy of eternal rebirth that is generally a poor kind of superstitious belief in change. Many of our thinkers, according to E. R. Curtius, tend naïvely to identify the idea of change with the idea of value and to despise the idea of duration. Change has become synonymous with the complete life. Duration means rigidity and death. These definitions could perfectly well be reversed, as they would have been by Goethe, but the enthusiasm of the day goes out only toward beliefs that can be called dynamic. In fact, this tendency has gone so far that the very notion of form has been abandoned and is now identified with a hardening of the arteries. The spirit is renouncing its autonomy. Thought is no longer an end in itself. It is looked upon as a kind of membrane that comes between the individual and reality. Reason has even abdicated its rôle as a constant and fixed point. As a natural consequence, all philosophic teaching is denied the right of establishing syntheses and seeking to orientate human life. The only discipline that people

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will accept is sociological, and gradually sociology is annexing and controlling all branches of knowledge.

But Curtius does not confine himself to describing the violence of the movement. He passes on to such a vigorous defense of the threatened order that it can be called a counter attack. Of course, humanism is menaced, but it may emerge from the conflict with a new lease of life. We have learned to understand its nature and its limitations more clearly. We know that it is a peculiarly European phenomenon, a discipline of the mind that it would be futile to try to impose on India or China, but that has fertilized a thousand years of culture in our midst. There is a humanism that has been able to collaborate with the spirit of the Middle Ages as well as with that of the Renaissance, that has penetrated the Reformation as well as the classical era. But to safeguard its life-giving virtues we must not identify it with any one historic period. Nothing could be more imprudent than to tie it up with some educational programme. Of course, it is desirable to teach Greek and Latin, but it is futile to believe that schools and universities will impose a new spiritual enthusiasm on the world. Philology alone cannot guard the treasure. That would be making humanism a mere object of erudite research. It would rob it of its spiritual thrust.

Humanism has a chance of arousing a nation or a period only if it is itself rich in life and passion. It cannot gain new adherents by running after recalcitrant students and leading them back into the classroom by the ear. Fascism and Bolshevism have both taught us that the best way to recruit zealous converts is to repulse those who are lukewarm. Curtius has the courage to recognize that a cultural conservatism that does not aim at constant creation would be just as unfruitful as destruction pure and simple. It is probable that a new humanism will attach itself less to Pindar or Sophocles than to Saint Augustine or Dante, for it cannot be a luxury of the highly educated. It will live and conquer only if it is able to meet the spiritual needs of all of us, if it is able to become an infectious affirmation. The rapid moral transformation of Germany has helped Curtius to attain an emancipated attitude such as the pressure of events has not yet forced us to reach in France, but which we should reach, since Western culture can be preserved only if it meets the common aspirations of most of Europe. It is moving to witness how a scholar who is widely informed concerning all literatures and all movements of ideas and who seemed able to exercise, in the shadow of his master, Sainte-Beuve, a serene majesty of the spirit, has found himself impelled by the agony of the present time to emerge from the academic rôle that he had chosen. I only hope that so brief, and therefore so sketchy, a résumé gives some idea of the direction of his efforts. If humanism remains the discipline of Europe, it will be due to the efforts of a few great humanists.

GRANDEUR ET INFAMIE DE TOLSTOI. *By Jean Cassou. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1932.*

(From the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva)

ALMOST as many books have been written about Tolstoi as about Wagner. What subject is more suited to excite our minds than the great Russian novelist, that amazing man who furiously preached the renunciation of all those passions to which he burned incense, that demiurge who, after exercising his power to create characters with blinding splendor, attacked human nature itself and broke all contacts with man as a social being. Psychologists, critics, historians, praisers and

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detractors have attacked the problem without arriving at any absolute solution, for Tolstoi is one of those extraordinary, multiform people whom everyone sees in his own mirror and recreates more or less in the image of his own ideas. But of all the books that have been written about him few will remain so lively, incisive, and persuasive as this one by M. Jean Cassou.

M. Cassou has much less to say about Tolstoi's life or work than he has about the man as he appears in his essential manifestations and as he impresses us through them. Or it might be said that M. Cassou does not deal with Tolstoi in his period and surroundings, but with Tolstoi seen from to-day and influencing our epoch. You have, in short, the violent reaction of an individualistic, imaginative, artistic, ironical author against another author who desired, but failed, to deprive man of all the pleasures with which M. Cassou is perfectly satisfied.

That is why this book, which is often rude, always energetic and tense, and sometimes painful, is full of sudden shocks that guarantee against boredom. It possesses the rare merit of forcing reflection. When your opinions do not agree with the author's it is impossible to pass over his if you are reading honestly. In order to reject them you must make a vigorous effort to reason and plumb yourself profoundly, for his opinions are solid, well based, and firmly bar the road to those who would like to walk around them.

In the eyes of M. Cassou, Tolstoi was the prey of a terrible hypertrophy of the ego. Pride made him want to save the world. Being driven by pride to creation, he finally wanted to destroy what he had created in a wave of humility that was simply the ardor of unappeased pride. To glorify his doctrine the artist betrayed his art. To make himself a model for humanity he imprisoned his spirit, which loved liberty. He fell into a single attitude instead of giving himself over to his enthusiasm. Wholly preoccupied with the character that he was revealing and imposing on the crowd, Tolstoi ceased to feel his own life, life as a whole, love, and all those things that make the heavens rejoice.

But consider his silent and supremely isolated death. Through it Tolstoi justified the impossibility of remaining in the world and disdained the possibility of returning to it. Thus his end attained a grandeur never possessed by his preachments as a writer. M. Cassou recognizes this fact in his moving conclusion. The example given by Tolstoi's death was the revenge of this genius who was unable to teach people how to live.

Among the numerous criticisms that might be leveled at this book, here is the most important. A man is not necessarily an actor simply because he cannot behave as he would like, or because he finds himself different from the conception that others have formed of him. The terrible thought, 'I am not doing the good I wanted to do and I am doing the evil I did not want to do' has tortured all thinking men, and the greater they were the more it has tortured them. Hesitation between two equally imperious duties, between what one owes to one's genius and what one owes to others, between the task that the worldly life of others imposes and one's own spiritual life—not everyone has solved this problem as easily as Goethe or Wagner. It is a problem of all time and is more difficult in our epoch than in any other. Tolstoi faced this problem all his life, and one day he solved it in the way that he thought best. Was it a desperate solution? Unquestionably. But to despair of mankind or of one's self does not oblige one to hold or to communicate to others a desire for nothingness.

In any case, though M. Cassou may

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not have the same ideas that Tolstoi had as to what humanity should do, he has on his side youth and a love of intelligence, art, and life that inflames his style, carries his thoughts along with superb movement, and gives him a power that one needs one's full strength to resist, if one wishes to do so.

THE FRENCH POLITICAL SYSTEM. *By W. L. Middleton. London: Ernest Benn. 1932. 12s. 6d.*

(From the *Manchester Guardian*)

THERE are perhaps a greater number of first-class books on the structure and working of French politics than on the political life of any other country. Mr. Middleton has added to that company.

To the ordinarily instructed newspaper reader the kaleidoscopic cabinet changes in France are hopelessly baffling. He cannot understand how anybody can take French politics seriously, and yet the fact remains that French voters are probably more regular in their attendance at the polling booth than those of any other country. It is a contradiction that needs explanation, and Mr. Middleton supplies it. His description of the two axes of French politics—the new social question and the old politico-religious question—is excellent. It makes intelligible that amorphous mass of the centre which causes so many changes of government. He brings out clearly the varying electoral and temperamental conditions which make some deputies of the centre subordinate social conservatism to anti-clerical radicalism and some take the opposite line. Like all centre groups, the middle factions in France are essentially unbalanced. They swing from left to right according to the question under debate.

Mr. Middleton's exposition of the double nature of French political life—the electoral struggles in the country and the parliamentary struggles in the Chamber—is good. French politics resemble the English politics of two different centuries. The struggles in the constituencies are more or less on a par with nineteenth-century English government; the struggles in the Chamber resemble the closed parliamentary adventures of the English eighteenth century. The cause of this double structure is rightly found by Mr. Middleton in the disuse of the weapon of dissolution, but he perhaps underestimates the possibility of a dissolution in the future. If ever the president allows a prime minister to dissolve, then the end of that curious class of non-party professional premiers, well described by Mr. Middleton, will be in sight.

There are one or two points in which Mr. Middleton's treatment does not seem quite adequate. He slides too easily over the method by which France is governed, the structure of the *droit administratif*, and the position of the prefects. He fails also to describe the content of government, the sort of bills parliament debates. This is an important omission, because one of the great differences between England and France is in the subjects of legislation. He fails also to stress the great effect of the War on French politics through the acquisition of Alsace and Lorraine. That acquisition has increased the tension of both the social and politico-religious questions, besides adding a new question of language. It has added to the religious question because Alsace is a new ally for the clerical side, and it has added to the social question because not only is Lorraine industrialized but it is an heir of the highly developed German social-insurance system.

Mr. Middleton's book is an example of the sort of book on foreign affairs most needed to-day. We could do with a deal less amateur high diplomacy and a great deal more sober exposition

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of the internal politics of other lands. After all, nine times out of ten it is internal controversies that determine what sort of government a country shall have.

À LA POURSUITE DU VENT. *By Robert de Traz. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1932.*

(Edmond Jaloux in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris)

'A PERSON is eager for some prey. He wants it, pursues it, and it escapes him a score of times. He becomes stubborn, finally captures it, but only to destroy it. Happiness, a form of happiness that resembles anguish, lies in the pursuit; stupor and disgust mark the accomplishment of the purpose.'

This paragraph, which appears in the closing pages of Robert de Traz's novel, indicates its compass and sums up its moral. It also shows us the seriousness of the book, its density and general direction. I do not say that a book like this one by Robert de Traz could not have been written at any other time, but if another writer at another time had told the story of Basil Fairfield, Patricia, and Michelle Tadros, the reader would have found in it only a romantic adventure, exciting, curious, and amusing to follow.

In the beginning of the story we learn that a young English girl, Patricia, became intimately associated with a Greek girl, Michelle Tadros, while staying in a boarding school in Ouchy. There sprang up between them one of those youthful friendships at once pure and passionate, involuntarily equivocal yet without conscious *arrière-pensée*, one of those conditions of the heart that at once conceal and reveal the first emotions of the impatient flesh. Patricia is sentimental and indifferent, healthy and distracted, but Michelle has a dominant, imperious nature and a lust for conquest.

Later her English friend writes that she has married, and Michelle turns against her, not wanting to have anything more to do with her. Patricia and her husband, Basil Fairfield, set up a correct, normal marriage without real love but not without affection. Perhaps she is completely in love only with her son, little Ralph, whom Robert de Traz describes most delightfully. But during a trip Basil happens to meet his wife's girlhood friend, of whom she has talked so much. He at once becomes interested in her, perhaps a little too much so. M. de Traz does not stress this point, but one imagines that Patricia's conversation had prepared her husband to be in a state of amorous receptivity in regard to Michelle Tadros. In any case, Basil acts as if he were already in this condition. When he joins his wife again he can talk of nothing but Michelle and he has only one wish, to bring them together again.

Actually, the two women don't care for each other any more. Michelle has cherished a kind of bitterness against Patricia on account of their separation and on account of Patricia's marriage. Patricia reflects with sympathetic indifference on her former friend, whom she does not miss at all. Basil causes Michelle and her mother to visit London. All the conversation that follows shows that Robert de Traz is the subtlest and most penetrating psychologist. The reactions of Patricia and Michelle when they meet, their attempts to take up with each other again, their mutual deceptions, all these things are rendered with absolute accuracy. Michelle tries to make her friend feel that her life is mediocre, flat, and says to her, 'Happiness, yours for instance, seems to me made up of little things, of a myriad of mediocre satisfactions. It is an incessant process of accommodation, a perpetual denial. What I want is not happiness, but pure emotion.'

Really, Michelle still feels bitter

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toward Patricia. Her proud, dominating nature cannot stand having someone desert her and she tells her former friend that she is sorry she came to London 'because the real Pat has replaced in her spirit the person who used to help her live and who she did not know had disappeared.' The sight of the happiness of these two people fills her with a tempest of revolt and pride, humiliation and sorrow. But at the same time she wants to make trouble for them, partly out of bitterness, partly out of a desire for revenge, partly to play a rôle between them, but also to wake them up to what she regards as a more interesting life, a life with dreams, deceptions, desires—in short, that emotional chaos for which so many people have an incessant, mysterious hunger.

BASIL offers his sympathy to Michelle but she repulses him at first. Furthermore, Patricia is disillusioned by Michelle Tadros. 'Of course,' the author tells us, 'she would not have wanted to reawaken in Michelle emotions that she considered indiscreet. But at the same time she wanted to know more about her. She recalled the ardent tone her friend used to have, the excited appeal to which she had responded so badly, to which she did not want to respond any better. Beyond the habitual tenderness and calm happiness that she herself had experienced she divined the existence of a brutal world in which emotions have no recompense, perhaps no justification, a world in which they are not balanced or satisfied, a bitter place where one suffers yet loves to suffer.'

This moral rupture between the two women becomes so marked that Michelle finally turns to Basil and tries to seize the sympathy that he had offered her and that she had disdained. Now her whole game is to provoke Basil in every way into showing the love that she feels he has for her and that will be her revenge for Patricia's disdain. A bitter and half-secret sentimentality, whose development Robert de Traz traces with great psychological skill, develops, and when I say 'sentimentality' I do not use the word in its ordinary sense, since sentimentality is not really a worldly game of coquetting but a dangerous and often cruel duel between two people who do not know the truth or who voluntarily conceal it.

The drama between Basil and Michelle results in the triumph of Michelle, who forces Basil to go and look for her in Paris, where she has concealed herself, making him believe that she went there with a lover. She herself then becomes his mistress. These pages are powerful, severe, and one's interest is vigorously sustained. But alas, the victories of women are their defeats, for the day when Michelle gets what she wants out of Basil she at once becomes totally impoverished and Patricia finally triumphs, because the other woman can offer the man only her body, whereas Patricia also controls his interests, social protections, the future, and everything that establishes around the married woman a kind of barricade to defend her against danger. All of them have run after the wind—the unfortunate young man who served as Michelle's bait to attract Basil; Basil himself, who abandoned an easy conquest; and Michelle, who thought she would win everything but who finally became a victim like so many others. The imperceptible wind pursues its way and the unfortunate human beings who want to capture it finally find in their hearts and souls nothing but that light, almost impalpable cinder that is our life.

Such is the moral that M. Robert de Traz has illustrated in so intelligent, lively, and curious a way in the lovely fable that we have just described.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

More Unpublished Proust

COLLECTIONS of letters by Marcel Proust continue to appear in Paris, and we print below a communication from the third volume of his correspondence, which has just been published. This letter was written to Jacques Émile Blanche in 1917 just after Proust had provided the preface to Blanche's book, *De David à Degas:*—

1917

DEAR FRIEND,—

I hope you do not believe me so badly brought up that you supposed I would send you proofs without a letter. But, if you remember, the evening I went to Auteuil I caught cold, and, in spite of the fine coat and the linden tree and all your kindnesses, I was very sick for some days and unable to read typewritten pages. Then, feeling that I was late and that you must be in a hurry, I sent you back the proofs first. The letter would have followed in a few hours. I was even counting that it would arrive at the same time, though it was mailed later, remembering that this is what had happened the first time. But at that moment I was obliged to take steps in regard to an unexpected military affair. Hence my lateness in writing you and the impossibility of coming and making my excuses. This affair will undoubtedly continue for several more days, if indeed it ever terminates normally.

My dear friend, in regard to the pages you sent me, I hope that you have seen that almost from the start I stopped writing notes in blue pencil but continued to the end putting them in in ink. The result is that I have replied in advance to what you ask me. In any case, the part that I feel might be omitted is not, as you said, doubtless by mistake, the part with objective value, but, on the contrary, the part without objective value. I know that our favorite novels during the past fifty years have accustomed us to the idea that one should not ignore, while describing a curious state of mind or some important truth, a certain little fact that we found on our way at that moment and that is neither curious nor important in itself. That is what has made the artistic novel so easy to write and has removed all its logical value.

Your habit, which is excellent, since it is personal and characteristic, of perpetually writing sentences without verbs (which grammatically I should not urge anyone to imitate, but which I like in you) leads you more than anything else to this temptation to add notations. It is the grammatical form in which pure notation lodges naturally—and rightly, moreover, since the person who simply makes notes does not need verbs. But, above all, it abridges things to such an extent that an insignificant detail—excuse me for speaking this way, I mean insignificant in relation to the whole in an absolute fashion, for nothing that is born from a spirit like yours is insignificant—that you would perhaps hesitate to insert in a better constructed sentence seems acceptable to you in this rapid form, like those slightly necessary objects that one hesitates to put in one's trunk but that one finally carries away because they do not take up a great deal of room. Beneath all this there is certainly a drama, or at least a sad episode, but since it is not indicated at all one cannot attach the importance to it that it deserves.

You will give me back these pages when you can and I shall perhaps be better able to point out to you (but I think I have done so already) what (without having a great deal of faith in my own judgment) seems to me useless. As for my memory, I am persuaded, without irony or cruelty, that you are dealing with an unfortunate person whose illness is marked by a very painful amnesia, aggravated, moreover, by intoxication. But I fear that my criticisms are not just. You were at one time, and in a very exact parallel, the Sainte-Beuve of painting in your criticism, but the parallel exists simply in respect to your writings, for you are above all a painter, and Sainte-Beuve was a poet only on the side. You have shown us a human, unexpected truth about

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Manet and Fantin as he did for Chateaubriand and Vigny, giving us the joy of delicious discoveries and the possibility of error that one always encounters when talking about art or history or when speaking of man.

Your marvelous knowledge of literature guards you against possible errors as you hold us solidly by the hand while you let us look, as over some precipice, on some year or some 'mirror' in which we see the ambitions of Manet and the timidities of Fantin. Now the War—and I do not know how, but the fact that I cannot understand how is all the more reason for me to distrust my judgment as inaccurate—has inaugurated a crisis of the soul among us. Perhaps it needs to be better defined, but I know that it is easy to say and that the peculiarity of crises of the soul is often that they cannot be defined. When some 'morsel,' either a portrait or a landscape, presents itself, we rediscover delicious colors, the trace of an inimitable character, of the writer we love so much. At other times we are in a *terra incognita* where we lose ourselves more easily, perhaps, because you guide us too little, letting us ignore individuals and events.

Dear friend, fatigue is paralyzing my hand; otherwise I should tell you about my disappointment at Auteuil. Materially you have been charitable and good, the incomparable friend. You have lent me your coat like a good Samaritan, closed the window, and offered your protection. But of the affectionate smile that once seemed so happy on seeing me again (and it was n't so long ago, either, at *Boris Godunov*) there is nothing left. Now you give me a perfect and glacial greeting. Why? I know all the gratitude I owe you, but is that a reason for you to be less friendly? Don't answer me; we shall talk over all this when my affairs get straightened out and I can see you.

Your admirer,

MARCEL PROUST

A CHESTERTON CONTROVERSY

WITH the passage of time there is a marked increase in the mass of material that will eventually constitute volumes called *Chesterton to His Critics*, for Mr. Chesterton is always aware of what his reviewers are saying. Recently his book on Chaucer was reviewed by Ivor Brown. In a letter commenting on the review Mr. Chesterton makes it clear, in somewhat ironic fashion, that he has nothing to complain of in Mr. Brown's friendly article. He merely wishes to ask Mr. Brown's opinion about 'a real and practical problem of literature' that has been brought into relief by the review. This problem resolves itself into the 'question of what is to be done with theology, when it does quite definitely come into history or biography,' a question that Mr. Chesterton considers particularly pressing in his own case because of the whole plan and point of his book. He wonders a little 'why Mr. Ivor Brown should choose this occasion to demand an explanation of all that he considers contradictory in all my opinions on all subjects in the world. I can assure him that I have a perfectly clear, logical, and consistent reason for regarding real democracy as the best government and our present sham democracy as worse than the feudal Middle Ages. It certainly would not take me long to explain how there is more liberty in the Catholic Church than in the modern state. But surely he does not want me to explain all this in the book on Chaucer? My poor old book on Chaucer—already so parenthetical and diffuse. After all, it was supposed to be a book on Chaucer! It would have given me the wildest joy to interpose four or five chapters on the very hopeful prospect of a modern Catholic. Only—surely the critic would then have a real right to complain.'

But, asks Mr. Chesterton, 'has he a right to complain because I happened to be writing about a mediæval Catholic? There is no more question of "grabbing" Chaucer for Catholicism than of "grabbing" Confucius for China or Abraham Lincoln for America. The men came straight out of the very middle of the systems. Can it be wrong to discuss the systems in dealing with the men? Only when it is applied to one of the great religious systems, and especially to this one, a critic like Mr. Brown always talks as if the author had "dragged in" religion.'

Mr. Chesterton then proceeds to explain

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his interpretation of Chaucer in terms of the effect of Mediæval religion upon the individual. His suggestions along this line, in his opinion, 'are not irrelevant; they are not idiotic; they are not absurdities without reference to the argument. Above all, they are about Chaucer. They are my answers to the problem of Chaucer; and the question is not whether I have dragged them in when they are "only" religious; but whether I must cut them out because they are religious. What, in the name of common sense, is to be the attitude toward these great human influences of writers who happen to believe in them? Are they to be suppressed out of respect for the delicacy of those who do not believe in them? Is it irrelevant to connect Chaucer with Chaucer's religion, because it happens also to be my religion? Am I not to tell what I think is the truth about the poet because I also think it is the truth about the world? Must I suppress it to spare Mr. Brown's Victorian blushes at the mention of the mass? This new irreligious decorum seems to me to raise a question in criticism which should be settled as soon as possible.'

The Van Gogh Hoax

VINCENT VAN GOGH, the Dutchman who did most of his painting in France, has of recent years been considered one of the safest of the impressionist painters to collect—both artistically and financially—and his works have been correspondingly popular. Hence the furor which has arisen upon the discovery that no less than thirty Van Goghs in European collectors' hands are clearly fakes. It seems that an Amsterdam expert named De La Faille, who is a fervent admirer of Van Gogh, was about to publish a minute catalogue of all the artist's known works when word came to him that some thirty of the pictures that he had listed as authentic were actually false. He rushed through a supplement to his catalogue to this effect, and then set out to trace each suspected picture to its source. With strange unanimity all thirty were traced back to a certain art dealer in Berlin named Wacker, who is now talking it over with the courts. The hearings included some amusing testimony from experts, among them the famous German critic, Meier-Graefe, who remarked that experts were n't much use anyway, but that if a purchaser insisted on trusting expert opinion rather than his own sense of appreciation he deserved to be cheated. As a matter of fact, it was not an expert at all who discovered the falsity of the paintings, but a woman employee of a rival art dealer.

The public's response to all these disclosures can best be indicated by quoting from the caption of a cartoon that appeared in *Simplicissimus* which depicts several plump gentlemen examining their host's collection of paintings. One of them says to the host, 'So that Van Gogh cost you a thousand, did it? Suppose it turns out to be false, too?' To which the host replies, 'No matter. I paid for it with Kreuger stock.'

New Extracts from Samuel Butler's 'Notebooks'

THE first, and so far the only, edition of Samuel Butler's *Notebooks* appeared in England in 1912; and it has since been so often reprinted that few readers realize that that volume represented only a small selection from the alarming quantity of notes which the self-conscious British writer had carefully made and preserved since his early youth. Next autumn a new book made up of hitherto unpublished selections from his notebooks is to be brought out. We reprint below a few of the more lively aphorisms, as they appear, in advance of book publication, in the *English Review*.

ARGUMENT

Argument goes for very little with most people—assertion carries more weight generally.

I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME

I should say, 'I was sick, and you were kind enough to leave me quite alone.'

IDIOTS

An idiot is a person who thinks for himself instead of letting other people think for him. He takes his own view of things and therefore not unfrequently differs from his neighbors. Any person who differs con-

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siderably from his neighbors is an idiot *ipso facto*.

THE SELFISHNESS OF WOMEN

They say it is so selfish of men not to marry; perhaps it is; but is it not selfish of women to insist on men's marrying them?

KNOWING A LITTLE MORE OR A LITTLE LESS THAN WE DO

We like those who know much about the same as we do, or much more, or much less; but we do not like them to know a little more or a little less. Jones says the same holds good with money.

BALLOONING

There was an article in the *Times* (1882) which convinces me that the navigation of the air must be near at hand. When the *Times* dismisses a subject so contemptuously as this, it is generally on the point of succeeding.

MYSELF AND ORIGINAL RESEARCH

The contention against me is that I have made no original researches, but have as a general rule taken my facts at second hand. Perhaps; but what are the Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall people good for if we cannot rely upon their facts and proceed to make deductions from them?

'I DID NOT EXCEED LAST NIGHT'

When Mr. Sam Carter resigned his connection with the Midland Railway his friends gave him a dinner. Next day he went to the apothecary and said, 'I do not feel very well this morning. I did not exceed last night, but I should like you to treat me as if I had exceeded.'

Eisenstein's Plans

SERGEI EISENSTEIN, the young and incorruptible Russian film director, spent a few days in Berlin on his way back from Mexico and the United States to Russia and there revealed the nature of his projects for the near future. He is coming home, he says, with fresh energy, to create a great travel film of Russia, its people, and its activities. In his opinion, the rest of the world knows Russia only as a mass of statistics. It is his intention to show the rest of the world how Russia actually looks, how the processes of construction are being carried on, how the people react, and what they do. He feels that the time is propitious for the presentation of such a film.

Furthermore, he is interested in working out a sort of *Götterdämmerung* in terms of modern dynamics, a film that would concern itself with the death of the Titans of capitalist industry and finance—Basil Zaharoff, Loewenstein, Kreuger, Deterding—and that would ultimately be synchronized with appropriate selections from Wagner's opera. This theme has alluring possibilities for him, and he thinks he could begin work upon it at once. However, his plans will not be definite until he has been back in Russia for a time.

In the course of the Berlin interview it became evident that he felt no rancor toward the film interests in the United States, with whose representatives he had been unable to agree. He explained in some detail the reasons for the discrepancy between his views of the subject matter and structure of a film and the current American conception. 'I am not interested,' he said, 'in love stories with any kind of a hit-or-miss background that may be a revolution one day and a bear hunt the next. I am interested in presenting the background, that is to say the social environment and the country itself, as foreground and object of chief attention. I believed that I had found the material I wanted in Dreiser's *American Tragedy*, for I saw in it the possibility of offering a cross section of American life, including religious currents, labor, the *nouveau riche*, social stratifications, and the political manœuvring that turns trials into popular sensations. To my mind, the tragic climax of the story in terms of character development was not the murder, but the episode of the first tip that Clyde received, for in taking that tip he thrust himself, psychologically, out of the ranks of active labor into the category of lackeys and parasites. That episode was the basic explanation of his tragic end.

'When I delivered the manuscript of a scenario of the book the Americans told me that they would prefer a good stiff police story! I wanted to make a modern *Every-*

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man of *The American Tragedy*, since I felt that it was a tale that might be true of any American boy. I did not wish to load up the picture with star players, but the Americans could not reconcile my ideas with the principles of their type of film production. So we failed to agree, although they were extremely fair to me in business dealings.'

Eisenstein then went on to tell how Upton Sinclair and his friends furnished funds with which he made a prolonged visit to Mexico, where he took sixty thousand feet of film depicting in simple fashion the history of the Mexican Indian, his enslavement and exploitation by the Spanish conquerors, and his liberation in recent times. In Mexico Eisenstein found rich subject-matter compatible with his ideology and technique, and profound appreciation of his characteristic approach to the shaping of a modern film.

Quandary

MR. D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS, who wields a savage and satiric pen, has lately been poking fun in the *Week-end Review* at the series of so-called 'quandaries' that are appearing in the London *Evening Standard*. A quandary, in the form it takes in the modern British newspaper, consists of a tough problem of morals or conduct (I am walking across a bridge with my wife; I see a young woman about to jump into the river; at the same time my wife slips and falls in the path of an omnibus still two blocks off; which shall I save?) together with the solutions proposed by various public figures of the general nature of Dean Inge. Mr. Wyndham Lewis calls for more topical interest in the problems stated in these 'daily exhibitions of amateur casuistry at a penny a time.' He wants kidnappings and financier suicides and such, and he offers a literary example complete with answers from his own selection of the great:—

'While enjoying a day's holiday at Southend Mr. Humbert Wolfe falls off the pier and is eventually rescued by an onlooker with literary enthusiasms who, being hard of hearing, is under the impression that he is rescuing Mrs. Virginia Woolf. An acrimonious discussion follows.

'Some time later, as Mr. Wolfe is making his way to the station in dignified silence, followed by his rescuer, who is still grumbling loudly, a policeman dashes up and asks Mr. Wolfe if he has seen an escaping cutthroat. Should Mr. Wolfe seize this opportunity of pointing to his tormentor, whose complaints are by now intolerable to any man of culture, or should he go on and quietly endure a persecution that threatens to be lifelong, to the detriment of his whole poetic career?

'Mr. Jack Hobbs, the cricketer: The great thing is to play the game. I don't think a real sportsman would follow anybody about like that. He should have taken his disappointment in a more sporting way. I should try to get him interested in cricket, social work, etc.

'Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, the publicist (by postcard): A typically fat-headed situation. Read the preface to my *Man of Destiny* again and you will find that an Englishman is never in the wrong. If the rescuer had pushed the rescued in again on discovering his mistake he could undoubtedly have justified it on high moral grounds. Year after year I spend my time trying to hammer into the thick heads of this nation (etc., etc., etc.).

'"June," the actress and journalist: Except for being once chucked under the chin by the Marquess of Chagford at a dance at the Albert Hall . . . on the way home he asked me to marry him . . . perhaps it was the glamour? . . . perhaps he was really in love with me? . . . who knows? . . . I have never been in Mr. Wolfe's predicament.

'But sometimes amid the limelight and the laughter . . . and the sadness . . . a girl finds herself (etc., etc., etc.).

'Mr. James Agate, the critic: What poetic career?

'Mr. Eustace Miles, the dietetic expert: Mr. Wolfe should go on quietly enduring. Healthful, rational diet and deep breathing are the best means of fortifying one's self against "Life's little setbacks."

'Mr. Maxton, the M.P.: Until the workers come into their own anyone rescuing a capitalist has only himself to thank if he is handed over to the janizaries of the capitalist state.'

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AS OTHERS SEE US

In Memoriam

TWO leading editorials from two leading British newspapers on the subject of the murder of the Lindbergh baby reveal how deeply England was stirred by the tragedy and how its significance is interpreted. The London *Times* wrote as follows under the caption, 'A Challenge to Society':—

The fate of Colonel Lindbergh's infant son has been determined by a chance discovery. Messages received early yesterday morning reported that the child's body had been found by the driver of a timber team in a wood within a few miles of its home. It had been killed, according to the medical evidence, very shortly after its disappearance either by a bullet or by a heavy blow on the head. Thus the eager and, for the parents, the agonizing search of ten weeks ends with cruel defeat for hopes which the whole world shared with them.

No crime that is recorded has so woken the feelings of men and women in every class and nation. None to the same degree has stood them in the shoes of its victims. Crime in its various degrees may appeal to the morbid or the ingenious mind or even to a sense of the dramatic. This was something different. Never has criminal intention devised a simpler, more universal, or more instant provocation to anger and pity. The instinct that has sent everyone morning after morning to news of the 'Lindbergh baby' was that self-same instinct on which the kidnappers traded. What put this deed beyond other offenses and far below the human level was its well-considered union of the mean with the callous, and yesterday's discovery has added the last revolting touch of indifference to their deadly exploitation of the innocent. There are very few criminals for whom human nature can offer no defense, but the kidnappers of Colonel Lindbergh's son are among them.

The pitiful end of their ordeal has brought to the child's parents from many countries besides their own all the help that sympathy, genuine and unstinted, can offer. In the United States itself it may call sympathy to action. It may begin another and more hopeful age in the relations between society and the underworld in which kidnappers are bred. None of the lawless excesses of the gunmen in recent years has so stirred public opinion.

To begin with, the particular choice of victim ensured publicity to the crime in a unique degree. The place in public life that has been awarded to Colonel Lindbergh by American sentiment is shared with no other private citizen. Anyone who carries the mind back five years will remember how the spectacular, single-handed daring of his transatlantic venture, coupled with his modesty and simplicity, first made him the accepted pattern of modern chivalry, a national hero with no detractors. His quiet bearing under success, his flat refusal to exploit it, and his popular and happy marriage—these sequels have only served to increase his prestige and his countrymen's affection for him and for all that was his. The kidnapping, other aspects of it apart, was an outrage upon a man whose personality and repute are American possessions and whose security is of national concern.

While all this could not add to the unspeakable quality of the offense, it made it an offense not against one but against every American home. It ensured a simultaneous concentration upon the vilest methods of the gangster that no lesser event could have commanded. According to a recent statement in the American press there have been over 2,000 cases of kidnapping within two years. The people of the United States as a whole have heard of some of them individually; they have hardly reached Europe at all. Not all were kidnappings of infants and none, perhaps, equaled the present case in brutality. But, however regarded, the practice of kidnapping has come to a public climax with this New Jersey tragedy. There can be no doubt of

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the resolution with which all the forces, state and federal, of detection will be employed to bring the kidnappers to justice. Indignation is at a new pitch with the knowledge that the child was murdered almost as soon as it had been taken and that it was forever beyond the 'ransom' that was demanded for its life.

But public opinion in the United States has been challenged to act in a still larger way. It has watched appeals to the underworld by the state authorities and even by the churches as to a quasi sovereign body. It has followed the transactions into which Colonel Lindbergh entered perforce with men who claimed cognizance of the crime in claiming power to recover his son. Even when allowance has been made for the peculiar difficulties of the police while the life of a hostage purported to be at stake, the semiofficial status thus publicly accorded to organized lawbreakers, in virtue of their power to break the law with impunity, cannot but set a new movement in force against them.

Action against kidnapping means much more than action against kidnappers, who have already proved themselves an elusive foe. The kidnapper is one of a family to which the gangster, the racketeer, and the bootlegger all belong. They live their professional life under more or less toleration in the wide gap that is found between American law and its acceptance by the American people, a gap that is most marked at the point where the Prohibition law ends and bootlegging begins. 'By passing excessive laws,' writes an American critic, 'we put a premium on lawlessness.' 'By refusing power to the Government,' he adds, 'we stultify the execution of the laws.' These pregnant sentences describe a growing volume of American opinion, and their purport is amply borne out in the pages of the Wickersham Report. The presence of unabsorbed foreign elements in the population and the coming of the motor-car have contrived to turn to evil account this burden of excessive law. This country knows some of the difficulties. Here the motor-car, unaided by the law, has bred a type of gangster, a simpler type, it is true, which the police have still to match and overcome completely.

But, apart from its traditional distrust of the executive, large sections of the American public are compromised in the support of law by activities in defiance of law, the Prohibition law especially, which common sense or flat opposition to its provisions requires them to condone. The toleration allowed to one branch of the family extends the freedom of its other members. A kidnapping gang has virtually a whole system at its back, as well as a whole continent for escape. Those who practise, whether by intimidation or corruption, upon the police and other public persons and institutions, or upon private concerns, will only be swept out of their kingdom by a campaign that deprives lesser breaches of the law of profit or impunity and leaves the ordinary citizen with no incentive to shield or maintain the lesser kind of lawbreaker.

All the known facts, startlingly reflected in the events and procedure of the past ten weeks, point to relaxation or enforcement of the law or, more probably, to both. The extravagant blackguardism which has wantonly thrust itself upon the United States—and the world as well—in the Lindbergh case promises to compel new determination and a final decision on this deep social issue. If so, numberless sympathetic students of American affairs will be thankful that the calamity inflicted upon Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh may be remembered not simply as a defeat of society, and not alone for the incalculable suffering it has caused.

The *Manchester Guardian* also emphasizes the social implications of the tragedy:—

The discovery on Thursday of the dead body of Colonel Lindbergh's baby was the tragic climax of a protracted tragedy. After weeks of anxiety, of fruitless negotiation, of frustrated hopes, it now appears probable that the baby was murdered soon after it was stolen, and that the complicated rumors and counter rumors that have filled the newspapers and kept the police active were one and all unfounded.

Americans are rightly appalled at the crime and are lavish with expressions of

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sympathy for its chief victims—the baby's mother and father; will they, an outsider might presume to wonder, extend their present indignation into a serious effort to deal with the circumstances that made the crime possible and its perpetrators able to escape detection? It is dangerously easy to deduce the general from the particular, and to fasten on to the tragedy of the Lindbergh baby a moral that is beyond its scope; but, like an inverted Dreyfus case, it has without question served dramatically to illustrate the defects of American civilization.

There have not, it is true, been wanting other illustrations as forcible, and sometimes on a larger scale. Everyone knows that a negro cannot be sure of a just trial in many parts of the United States, and that in Kentucky, for instance, and Carolina industrial conditions are tolerated that are extremely brutal and tyrannical. At the same time, putting aside emotional reactions,—horror at the callousness of the crime, pity for Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh,—it remains true that seldom even in America has the breakdown of law and order in face of organized crime been made so obvious as in the course of events since Colonel Lindbergh's baby was first kidnapped till, weeks later, its dead body was found by chance near to his house.

Well known gangsters have, between their frequent appearances in court, negotiated for the return of the baby; more respectable emissaries have from time to time announced contact with the kidnappers; the police have been active and the newspapers lavish with space; large sums of money have been paid over by Colonel Lindbergh to persons purporting to come direct from the kidnappers, and of this money notes have been found in circulation; the most fantastic rumors have been put about, denied, and then put about again.

Yet all the while this has been going on it looks as though the dead body of Colonel Lindbergh's baby lay a short distance from his house, where those who stole it had hurriedly deposited it after having murdered it. Al Capone, from the prison where he is serving a sentence for falsifying his income-tax returns, sent out offers of assistance, and even President Hoover interested himself personally in the affair; but not only have the police failed completely to discover the actual criminals, they have failed even to arrest those unscrupulous persons who, as is now believed, successfully extorted money from Colonel Lindbergh without knowing anything of the whereabouts or the fate of his baby.

Various attempts have been made to explain how such things can be in a country that, in a material sense, is among the most civilized in the world. It is Prohibition; it is the mixture of races; it is corruption; it is the lawlessness of old pioneering days persisting still; it is the lack of tradition and the restlessness and instability of a people that is not a people. Any or all of these may be, and probably are, contributory causes; but the present breakdown of law and order in America is mainly a consequence of the worship of prosperity. Wealth is a disastrous social value because so much that is bad can be justified by it; when wealth is the only social value, then social institutions collapse and gangsters no less than millionaires become national heroes. It may be that now, in the autumn of her great prosperity, America will rediscover other values and rebuild those institutions the significance of whose decay has hitherto, except by the few, escaped notice.

Hauptmann on America

SOME months after returning from his recent visit to the United States, Gerhart Hauptmann accorded to Josef Chapiro of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna an interview summing up his opinions of America:—

The hall-mark of the American is his lack of prejudice. He goes about his business without paying any attention to tradition. In so far as traditions exist they do not influence his thoughts or feelings in any way. The tradition of the American is like the trees of New York. I saw some fine ones in a park, and I was told that they grow and flourish until they reach a certain height, when suddenly they strike the rock that lies beneath the thin layer of soil. The moment their roots try to penetrate

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this rock the trees die. Tradition has a similar fate in America. It is respected and loved as long as it does not probe too deep into life and does not interfere with creative work and pioneering. Its influence ends where the intellect begins.

I have repeatedly been impressed by this lack of prejudice in America and I warned against it in my speech before the New York Lotus Club. I felt particularly moved to talk as I did because friendly relations are all too rare in the world and the hearty greeting that the Americans gave to me as a German writer moved me profoundly. I told how I had dreamed about the continent of Columbus before I made my first journey to America almost forty years ago and how I felt as if I had discovered a new planet when I first saw the landscape of the New England states. But I had difficulty in reconciling the dreamland of my soul with reality. Of course, I had read Fenimore Cooper's 'Leatherstocking' novels and was saturated with romance about trappers and Indians. In the hills of Meriden, Connecticut, where my friend, Dr. Plötz, lived and practised medicine, I approached this romance with mystical amazement. Many pilgrim fathers are buried in the neighborhood of this town and I visited their graves. What a tremendous chapter America is filling in the history of humanity, tremendous in every respect. It embraces everything—hope, belief, fear of death, courage, will power, and, naturally, less noble qualities to a gigantic extent.

But the word 'chapter' is inadequate to describe the history that might be written. America's history is only a chapter in the sense that it is part of the unwritten history of the development and growth of all humanity. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are brief works in comparison. No historian, no writer exists, and there never has been one, capable of mastering this mass of material. Balzac and Homer combined in some future superman might have the scope, depth, and breadth to accomplish the task. If he were successful we should possess the greatest epic of all time. Its prophet and creator would have to devote all his intuitive faculties to the task and would have to make up his mind from the start to devote his whole life to nothing else. His purpose would be to present a unique synthesis depicting the struggle of man with the earth and man's conquest of the earth under the most frightful conditions. Such a poetic seer would depict an unbroken succession of discoveries beginning with the discovery of America. He would show how the painful, thorny paths of the individual colonists were as much paths of discovery as the path that Columbus followed. But the essential discovery—in itself a new continent—would be the individual man faced with his necessary elementary task.

The colonization of the present United States of America has been a unique achievement because it reproduced with modern man, in puzzling, erupting form, similar movements in the prehistoric past. The settlement of America far exceeds in importance and mere size any other migration of people. It is the outstanding occurrence of modern times. Think what had to be done first of all before any white man could even set foot on the battleground of American soil. He had to pass the barrier of the great ocean that I crossed in the most powerful ship in the world. Its name was the *Europa*. *Nomen est omen.* It was Europe that about four hundred years ago began storming this America that was called the New World. Yearning, desire for action, the zeal of the explorer, the impulse to superhuman adventure attracted people irresistibly over the pathless sea, not in ships like this *Europa* but in little nutshells. What agonies they must have suffered on the waves of the Atlantic Ocean. What terrible deaths they must have died in order that the United States of America might become great. How many bloody mistakes they had to commit before they made the whole nation great with their blood. I break off because I simply cannot do full justice to the greatness of this theme. As I have said, not I but human beings now alive or yet to be born may be able to bring into being the tremendous epic of the discovery of America and of humanity.

I said these things and many others to the Americans in my speech, but I was merely giving a superficial formulation of intellectual impressions. I did not attempt to expand what I could only hint at signifi-

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cantly. This was the fact that Americans have created a new culture, a new conception of progress. All previous migrations of people occurred at the command of some ruler or through the magnetic attraction of some unknown, legendary country. Here it was quite different. The great migration to America began at the end of the eighteenth century and ran its course during the succeeding century at a time when European books and newspapers were full of descriptions of the almost insuperable difficulties of this country. Nevertheless, more and more people emigrated with constantly rising hopes. The past was forgotten, everything was left behind—customs, traditions, prejudices, inexhaustible reservoirs of everyday wisdom, everything, in short, that goes to make up the spiritual education of humanity. I am, as you know, no worshiper of tradition. Quite the contrary. I do not object to having people make mistakes and find salvation in the process. That is not the worst thing that can happen. The important thing is for the mistake to be recognized as evil the moment it occurs. That is why so-called tradition has a bad effect. It is deadening and thwarts the present, which should be building a new way to the future. Real tradition, on the other hand, the oldest tradition, but the kind that never grows old, means change. Nothing is so old as the principle of eternal change. Therefore creative fire is preferable to stifling ashes. Tradition should cause our imagination to dream of the future, not to turn away from the future and to paint the past in attractive colors, comparing it unfavorably with the present, which is the same thing as perverting the truth.

What is culture? I have often tried to define it, and I keep making corrections. Just as people cannot agree on their definitions of God, so our definitions of culture vary. But the older I grow the more I am convinced that ideal human culture means balance between imagination and understanding. One must possess both qualities, but neither at the expense of the other. In history one or the other has always dominated. It now seems as if the Americans were for the first time on the point of attaining equilibrium. I hope that their understanding will not eventually become so overbearing that it will subdue their imagination instead of merely restraining it.

I say this because I know what the contrary process led to in human history at a time when man stood helpless in the face of nature and allowed his imagination to gain the upper hand of his understanding. Of course, we have many safeguards now against the powers of nature, but even in our highly civilized Europe the understanding is easily subordinated when a wave of elementary force breaks loose, whether it is a political or metaphysical event or some natural catastrophe. The extreme variations in political life can be due only to superstition born of the fear of death, which gradually reduces the understanding to silence. This is the process we undergo in periods that seem hopeless, and the more so because we reverence what has gone before. Of course, respect for the past is not so strong as it was in previous centuries, yet it is still restraining the enlightened element of the people and falsifying their judgment.

That this ideal cultural balance, this equilibrium between imagination and understanding, has almost been attained in America is all the more astonishing when we recall that the extent of the country, its peculiarities, its deserts, its gigantic mountains, tropical forests, huge rivers, hurricanes, and earthquakes must excite the imagination tremendously. The mysterious, overpowering forces of nature compel man to compare himself with nature. They reveal his helplessness and unimportance. Obstacles arise on every hand to break his will and shatter his spirit, for many natural phenomena cannot be explained and, even if there is an explanation, man is powerless in the face of nature. Take Asia and Africa and compare the development of their culture with Europe's. Think of the causes of this difference and you will understand what a tremendous task it was to bring American culture to the level it has attained to-day. Or, to speak more concretely, compare Indian culture with Greek culture and you will see why I am so amazed at the attainments of American culture.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

antiquated agricultural system. The Prussian *Junkers*, whose estates Brüning tried to partition only to be dismissed for his efforts, dominate the new Cabinet, and their selfishness and short-sightedness have had a lot to do with the distress of the whole German peasantry. The French, for all their nationalism of recent years, have studied the German situation closely—it is significant in this connection that French investments in Germany are a fraction of what American investments are—and Michel Sarlo's article, which appeared in a Parisian monthly of wide circulation, reveals a contradiction that looks hopeless and complete.

THE next descriptions to come from the territory that Egon Erwin Kisch has just crossed will be war dispatches if we are to believe some of the rumors that are in the air. In any case, he has given a lively and picturesque account of a part of the world that has been and will be very much in the public eye. Herr Kisch is a widely traveled man, having visited the United States two years ago and written a book about it.

JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH, author of *& Co.*, a novel that received high praise when it was brought out over here in translation, is a student of Karl Marx and, one suspects, a follower of Trotski rather than Stalin. His dramatic sketch shows Jesus yielding to the temptation of Satan and Karl Marx refusing a similar offer, the implication being that, if the Marxians followed the example of the early Christians and spread their doctrines in every land instead of concentrating on Russia, they would accomplish their purpose. But, as no less an authority than G. K. Chesterton has pointed out, Christianity has not failed because it has never been tried, and the whole point of M. Bloch's inverted analogy is thus, in a sense, destroyed. But it is a stimulating and suggestive performance, even though orthodox Communists would spurn it as a perversion of the faith.

ORTHODOX Communists would also have little use for F. A. Ridley's plea for a Fourth International, which is advanced on the ground that the Second International of the Socialists and the Third International of the Communists have both failed. M. Ridley is typical of many English—and also American—intellectuals who have recently been converted to Marxism but who cannot quite renounce all their middle-class allegiances and throw themselves into the arms of the proletariat. Both this essay and M. Bloch's dramatic sketch show how the economic crisis has radicalized the high-brows and awakened an interest in politics among people who used to be chiefly concerned with æsthetics.

FRIEDRICH SIEBURG'S description of President Lebrun in our 'Persons and Personages' department introduces us to the unfortunate M. Doumer's successor and depicts the circumstances under which he came into office. To judge from what one reads of the new French President, he seems to be, like many other French presidents, a conscientious man of no remarkable attainments. His sympathies are with the parties of the right but he is not the kind of man to behave as Millerand did when the latter was thrown out of office by a left-wing majority in the Chamber of Deputies for refusing, as they claimed, to let them form a government.

HUGH ANTHONY'S short story, 'Under Anæsthetic,' and Dr. Dautert's description of harpooning a whale in the Antarctic require no interpretative comment. They are the nearest equivalent to light summer reading that we can find in the troubled press of Europe.

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WAR AND PEACE

I FEEL that the nations will certainly not themselves be easily drawn into a European war; and statesmen, no matter what their political view, are not trying to lead them into it. Without the gift of prophecy, we can make and defend that statement in the spring of 1932 with a clear conscience.—*Arnold Zweig, German novelist.*

Our duty at the disarmament conference is very clear. We must measure calmly and without demagogy what reductions are possible in the present state of affairs with those international guarantees we have, and so reach the first stage, which will not give Germany the pretext that one growing party, at least, is waiting for.—*Joseph Paul-Boncour, French Permanent Delegate to the League of Nations.*

It is perfectly right that if a country has no money with which to pay its debts it has no right to spend the taxpayers' money on an armaments race between peoples who have all outlawed war.—*Henry de Jouvenel, French senator.*

The territory restored to us is justly ours and we will stand by it. We are peaceful and peace-loving people. We need peace more than any other country in the whole world. Nevertheless, if a war, and I am speaking now not as an official person (for I am a plain citizen now, I hold no official position), if a war should be thrust upon us by formal declaration or by surprise we should defend ourselves. The fortunes of war are capricious. One should remember that there are now more than 4,000,000 confessed Communists in Germany.—*Ignace Jan Paderewski, pianist and former Prime Minister of Poland.*

The Japanese Army is the army of the throne as well as of the nation. It differs from foreign armies in its virtues, and its essential qualities are peculiar to this nation. Moral obligations are sacred to it. Its function is not to intimidate others with savage valor or to massacre hostile tribes or nations. Its essential duty is to subdue enemies and make them observe justice.—*General Sadao Araki, Japanese Minister of War.*

The decision [to withdraw all Japanese troops from the Shanghai area] is due to the Japanese Government's desire to conform to world opinion and to prove that Japan had no territorial or other ulterior motives in sending troops to Shanghai. Since the decision was due to a desire to conform to world opinion to end the world-wide odium that has fallen upon us, Japan will hold the other nations accountable if Shanghai is again endangered.—*Statement by Japanese Foreign Office.*

The world, particularly the United States, has recently been agitated and severely critical of Japan's invasion of Shanghai and her use there of all instruments of modern warfare against an ignorant, impoverished, but freedom-loving people. Is the United States' warfare in Nicaragua any more justified? Can Secretary Stimson or the American Government expect General Sandino to control his men and avoid acts of revenge and sabotage when nearly a score of their number are wiped out by aërial bombs against which they have no defense?—*Dr. Pedro José Zepeda, foreign representative of General Augustino Sandino.*

Thus far Russia has not attempted to upset conditions within Manchuria or to foment disturbances here. We shall take no steps against the Soviet unless Russian agents meddle with internal affairs in Manchuria. If our efforts here are impaired by outside influences, we shall have to check such impairment at once.—*General Shigeru Honjo, commander in chief of the Japanese Army in Manchuria.*

The flames of war are beginning to flicker near our frontiers. We know the capitalist world wants war and is ready to choke the hated Soviet Union.—*General Vissili Bluecher, commander of the Red Army in Siberia.*

Whether a Russo-Japanese war would kindle a world war must be settled at Geneva in the immediate future. The key lies in a secret drawer of the French General Staff.—*Editorial in the 'Vossische Zeitung,' German liberal daily.*

In the name of besieged China—in the name of the menaced Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—in the name of the peoples of the earth—in the name of the great hopes of humanity that the awakening of the oppressed races of Asia and the heroic reconstruction of proletarian Russia arouse and sustain in us, I cry 'Help!' I appeal to the sleeping conscience of the best forces of Europe and America. I appeal to the consciousness of colossal power as yet unrealized in all the people of the world to cut the serpent's knot of the plutocratic and military Fascisms that tomorrow will encircle the globe, to crush the newborn conspiracy, and to seal the union of the working masses of all free peoples.—*Romain Rolland, French author.*

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